Published 22nd of every month.

SOME HEROIC RESCUES IN MID-OCEAN.

(See page 224.)

THE ROYAL MAGAZINE

3D.

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No. 9. Vol. II.—July, 1899.

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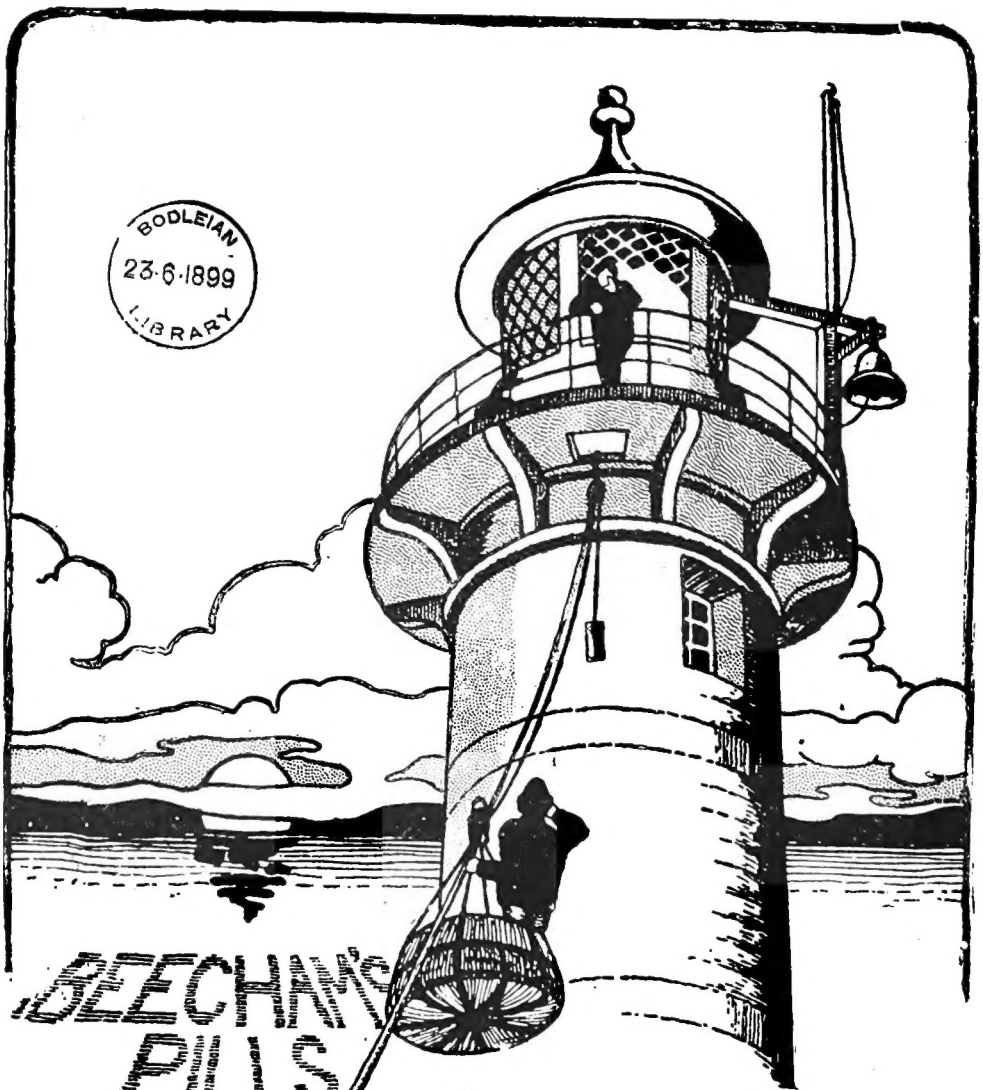
BEECHAM'S
PILLS
are to the disordered System as Oil to the troubled Waters and steer clear of danger to health by making Beecham's Pills your Guiding light on the first appearance of depression, a sure signal of distress which if unheeded may lead on to Wreck

BEECHAM'S PILLS are sold by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors, in Boxes, price **1s. 1½d.** and **2s. 9d.** each.

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Russia's Advance Towards India

Conversations with Skobeleff:

"Bokhara is a wretched place to live in." According to his account, the Khanate is so unhealthy that a Russian occupation is only possible by the - - -

AID OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

"WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS- - Why should two European powers quarrel over a few Asiatics? WE OUGHT TO BE FRIENDS. WE STRONGLY WISH IT."—*The Russian Advance towards India.*—C. MARVIN, page 88.

"EGYPT, CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt in August last, I have on three occasions been attacked by fever. On the first occasion I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last attacks have been completely repulsed in a short time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT," to which I owe my present health at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.—Believe me, Sir, gratefully yours, A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars."

USE ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' {Soothing, Cooling, Health-Giving, Refreshing and Invigorating.

You cannot Overstate its Great Value in keeping the Blood Pure and Free from Disease.

HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.—"After suffering two-and-half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything, without any benefit, I was recommended by a friend to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and am restored to my usual health; and others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly, VERITAS."

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" assists the function of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN and KIDNEYS by Natural Means; thus the blood is freed from POISONOUS or other HURTFUL MATTERS, the Foundation and GREAT DANGER of CHILLS, FEVERS, WORRY, BLOOD POISONS, &c. It is impossible to overstate its great value. THERE IS NO DOUBT that, where it has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has in innumerable instances prevented a severe illness. Without such a simple precaution the JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED.

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THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER AND RESTORER.

The Finest Dressing. Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed.

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Produces Luxuriant Hair, Prevents its Falling off or Turning Grey. Unequalled for Promoting the Growth of the Beard and Moustache. The Renowned Remedy for Baldness. For Preserving, Strengthening, and Rendering the Hair Beautifully Soft; for removing Scurf, Dandruff, &c.; also for restoring Grey Hair to its Natural Colour.

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Typhoid and other Infectious Diseases spread by Flies.

"The Commission, consisting of Drs. Lee, Vaughan, and Shakespeare, and other medical men, appointed to inquire into the causes of severe epidemics of Typhoid, which carried off so many men in the camps during the war in Cuba, report that the disease was undoubtedly spread by flies, and had it not been for these little pests there would only have been a few isolated cases. They are willing to stake their reputations upon these conclusions."

The most effectual method of exterminating these objectionable and disease-spreading pests is to use

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Measurements and instructions are carefully followed, and all the experience we have gained is applied to the end that we may give satisfaction.

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Pattern — Southall's Patent Boots.

No laces; no seams.

With or without toe-caps.

Foreparts of sole stitched.

Wide welts.

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Postage extra:

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We also make the "Thor" brand of lace boots and shoes in black and tan calf.

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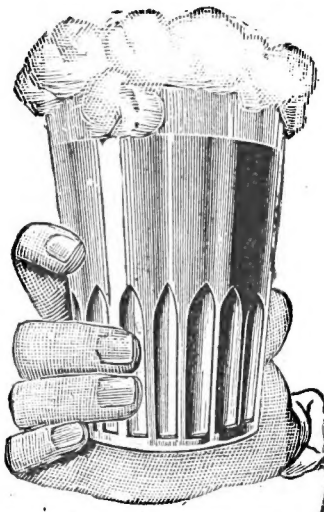

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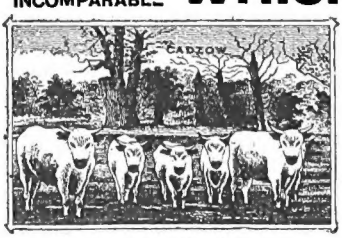
TRADE  MARK

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From the first dose of **OZERINE** fits cease. It has cured PERMANENTLY the very worst cases of Epilepsy when every other remedy had failed. Price **4/6** and **11/-**, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. **Send for a Free Sample Bottle** and Test it. **Write to Dept. B.,**

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ESTAB. OVER HALF A CENTURY.
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There's nothing like it for quick clean work. **No Acid in it.**

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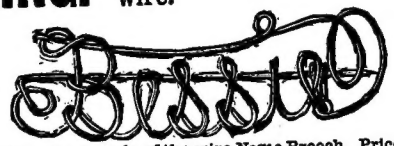

The above is a sample of the wire Name Brooch. Price, any name required, 1/1 post free.

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We supply a linen-fitted shirt, with body of soft cotton and front and cuffs of pure linen, at 2s. 3d., or a sample free by post for 2s. 6d. It fits perfectly and is cut right at the neck, so your collar will not torment you. Full length, with just enough fulness in the proper place to make you comfortable while wearing it. Send size of collar used when ordering. Second quality, 3s. 2d., post free. Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue of Shirts of all kinds, Underclothing, &c., sent on receipt of post card.

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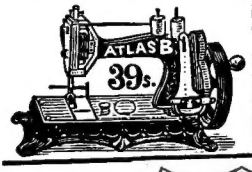
"ATLAS" LOCKSTITCH MACHINE 39s.



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To ensure satisfaction, machine sent on receipt of 5s. P.O. for ONE MONTH'S TRIAL. Balance can be paid **5s. MONTHLY.** Write for designs and samples of work—**The Atlas Sewing Machine Co.**, 182E, High St., Camden Town, London; or 63, Seven Sisters Rd.; and 14, High Rd., Kilburn. (Mention this Magazine).

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Liberal Commission allowed for Introduction of Business.

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Granny always gets her Wools at First Cost.

Knitting Wools

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30 qualities to select from, sent post free and need not be returned.

KNITTING, CREWEL, & EMBROIDERY SILKS.

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Send for patterns of our **New and Up-to-date**

DRESS FABRICS.

Materials for every purpose.
Any Length cut at Mill Prices.

Every Lady should write for our Price List of HOSIERY and Pure Wool Unshrinkable UNDERCLOTHING.

The PROVIDENCE MILLS SPINNING CO.,
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STOUT PERSONS

Should try DR. VINCENT'S ANTI-STOUT PILLS. They will permanently reduce superfluous flesh, in some cases as much as 10 lbs. in a week. They are guaranteed perfectly harmless and pleasant to take. The *Scottish Weekly*, Dec. 12th, says: "Obesity is a trouble that greatly impedes effort and energy. All kinds of specifics are in vogue, but most of them wear out the patience of the sufferers. A quick remedy can be effected by the use of Dr. Vincent's Anti-Stout Pills." Price **2/-, 4/6,** and **10/-** a box, post free, from DR. VINCENT (**R.** Dept.), 24, Park Ridings, Hornsey, London. *Mention Magazine.*

A £21 BICYCLE 1/6 FREE. 1/6

Our Lady's or Gent's **"NEW LINK"** will be sent free of any charge for delivery on receipt of **1/6.** These are not American or foreign trash, but made and finished in England. We will send with the Bicycle a Nickel Silver Lamp and Pump, and the whole will be packed in a wood crate, and sent to your address free immediately you take advantage of this advertisement and the conditions which WE WILL SEND. A WRITTEN guarantee given with each Bicycle. WE GIVE THESE BICYCLES AWAY TO ENCOURAGE YOU TO BECOME AGENTS FOR US. If Bicycles are all given away your **1/6** will be returned.

Send 1/6 and stamped addressed envelope for receipt.

Address—**RANDOLPH NAPIER & CO. (Dept. 55), 417, Central Chambers, Glasgow.**

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For Ladies & Gents. The Very Best.

£10 0s.—16s. 8d. } Monthly.
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Write for New Season's List of JUNO Cycles and Accessories. Over 100 pages. Sent Post Free.

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JUNO No. 4, **£10 10s.**, 17s. 6d. Monthly. TYPEWRITERS **£9 9s.**, 15s. 9d. Monthly.

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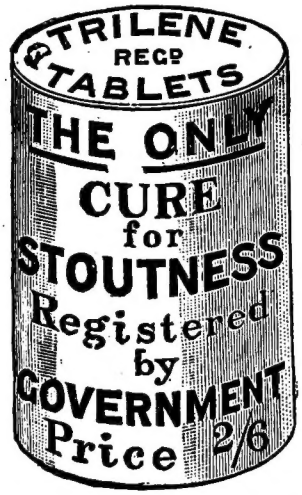
ALL FAT PEOPLE

Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)

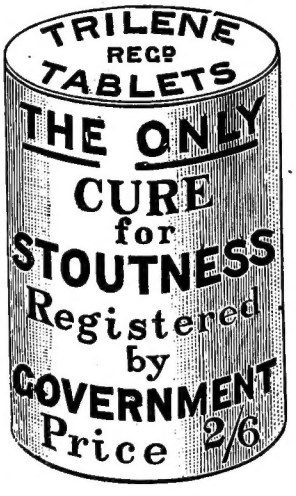


for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
"Your Trilene Tablets act admirably."

Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



SAMPLES OF TESTIMONIALS.

Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Mrs. Drew, of 1, Bellevue Gardens, The Nursery, Devizes, writes: "I took Tablets some years ago; they soon reduced me, and I have not got stout since. Send a box for my mother."

Miss Northledge, The Laurels, Rischolme Road, Lincoln, says: "The Tablets reduced me 1st., so that I am cured."

Colour-Sergeant Whittle, of East Lancashire Regiment, Burnley, Lancs., says: "A man in our regiment in 1891 lost several stone from taking your Tablets."

Mrs. Darnley Smith, of Landscove Vicarage, Ashburton, writes: "Trilene Tablets have reduced my weight very much. I am so much lighter in every way, and better in health."

"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct., 1896.

"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely. You have our united thanks, and if I can do anything to promote your interests, I will freely use my utmost endeavours to do so.

"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

Lady Constance Conrad writes from Wiesbaden: "I am highly pleased with your Tablets."

Countess Furstenberg writes: "The Tablets act speedily and well."

Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

"77, Hindhill Street, Heywood, 5th February, 1898.

"GENTLEMEN,—Your Tablets work wonderfully in curing obesity. I have not quite finished the box, and am 21lb. lighter. The change is so great that several friends have begun the treatment, which not only reduces fat, but strengthens rheumatic joints—at least, such has been the case with me.

"(Signed) **M. A. Heywood (Miss).**"

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

Mr. Butler, Surgeon (M.R.C.V.S.), of Hampton Manor, Evesham, says: "My patient has lost 1st. through your Tablets."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mr. Samuel Craig, of Froccss National Schools, Cloughmills, Belfast, says: "My wife reduced 28lb. from your Tablets. They also removed muscular rheumatism."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. James Smith, of Cowell Terrace, Soham, says: "Your 2s. 6d. box of Tablets reduced my weight 12lb."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Miss B. McKenzie, of Greenhall, High Blantyre, N.B., says: "Am completely cured, being reduced 2st."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

THE TRILENE ASSOCIATION, 66, FINSBURY PAVEMENT, LONDON.

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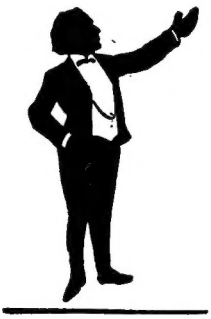

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PEARSON'S WEEKLY

Between now and Xmas.

100,000!! Think of It!!!

There MUST be one for YOU!

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J.B SIDE-SPRING Corset

HEALTH! COMFORT! ELEGANCE!

Beautiful in Construction, Unrivalled in Style.

These Corsets are constructed in accordance with physiological principles, give no undue pressure, but yield to the movements of the body, and the side supports are *unbreakable*. They are modelled in different shapes to suit various types of figures, and yield a most graceful and rounded appearance. Proclaimed by ladies everywhere to be the most perfect Corset obtainable.

Prices 3/11, 5/6, 6/11 and 10/6.

Obtainable from the principal Drapers & Ladies' Outfitters, but if any difficulty in procuring, write for name of nearest agent.

Insist on having the J B. Side-Spring Corset—The Best.

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New Book of Instructions, 1s. Complete Outfit, £1 1s. Glasses photographs, and all requisites supplied. Write for Price List and Particulars of Alston's New Method.—A. ALSTON, Grimshaw Street, BURNLEY.

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without Shrinkage or Unmaking or DYED ANY COLOUR for **4/6**

Much money is saved by our Dry-Cleaning System. The same article can be frequently cleaned, each time being restored to its original appearance without detriment to the fabric.

YOUR SUIT DRY CLEANED

AND PRESSED for **5/-**

Don't cast the suit off simply because it is soiled. Send it to us and we will return it equal to new. All orders returned, carriage paid, in a few days. Write for Price and Colour List.

H. GREENHALGH & CO., Ltd., DYE WORKS, BURNLEY.

OH! I MUSTN'T FORGET TO PACK SOME OF

6d. per dozen, and in 6d. pkts., half-doz. 1/-, 1/4, 2/- per doz. Special make for use after accouchement, 2/- per doz. *Obtained from all Ladies' Outfitters, Drapers, the Stores, and Chemists.* Or direct. Postage 3d per packet extra. Samples free on application to the MANAGERESS, Hartmann's Depot, 26, Thavies Inn, London, E.C.

HARTMANN'S

Hygienic **TOWELETTES.**

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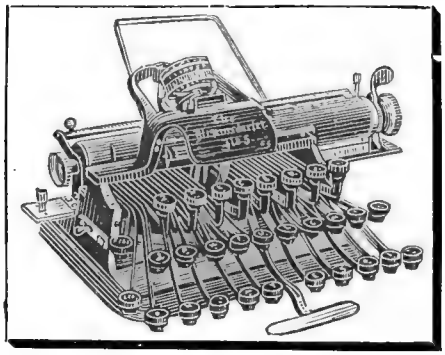

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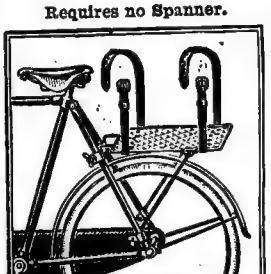

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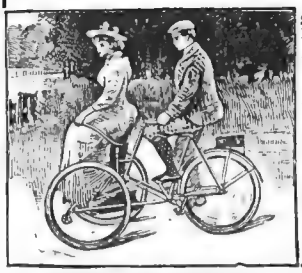

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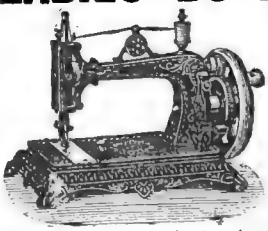

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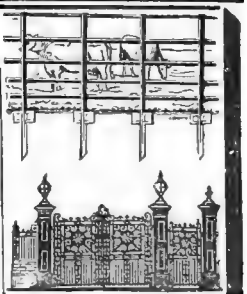
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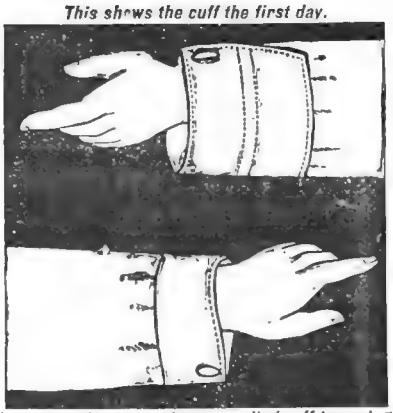

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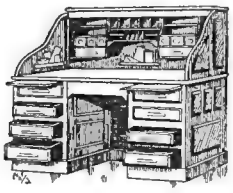

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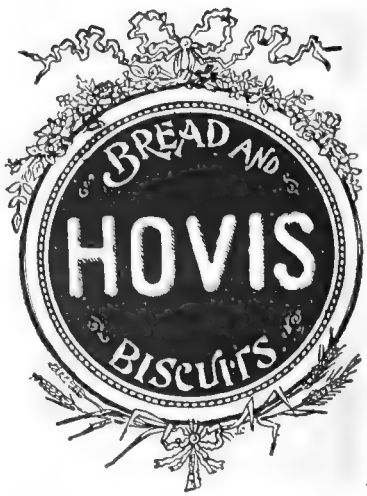

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for the first half-yearly Volume of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office price 1/-, or post free, 1/2.

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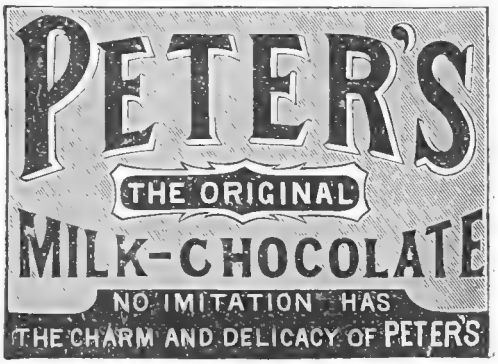

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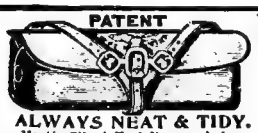

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Photograph by Lafayette.

THE LAST SHOT.

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THE ART OF THE CAMERA

Photo by Kodak Co. Ltd.

By Roderick Grey.

The Stereoscope.

Some little while ago, I incidentally made reference to the Stereoscope. I was led to do so by noting how there appeared to be quite a general awakening to the advantages of this interesting instrument.

Not that the stereoscope of to-day bears any very great resemblance to that of ten or twenty years ago. The old-fashioned machine was, to say the least of it, a clumsy affair. With all its elaborateness it failed to do its work as well as does its unpretentious and more simple looking successor.

It used to resemble a fairly substantial box. You most of you remember it. Probably some of you still have one of them stowed away in a corner of the drawing-room, or perhaps some of your ancient relatives have. There was an arrangement inside something like the patent station-signaller inside the carriages of the underground railways of London.

All you had to do with this cumbrous affair — that is, after you had lifted it up on to a stout table — was to turn a handle and hope that the machine would do the rest.

It would if the focus suited you.

Which means that only one person in six really enjoyed the beauties of the stereoscope.

From a Photo.

A Confirmed Toper.

The Beauties of a Stereoscope.

It has its beauties; even this old-fashioned stereoscope. Indeed, to my mind, the stereoscope is, in a sense, the high-water mark of photography; that is to say, so far as photography tries to suggest to you something real.

The figures cease to have the flatness of a mere picture dependent on the excellence of the perspective. They stand out clear and round with an atmosphere about them that intensifies the longer you look.

It is very strange that suggestion of atmosphere. It is not a mere idea that such and such an object is nearer to you than some other. It actually *is* nearer to you. You can see the distance between it and anything else.

A twig stretching half across the photograph is no longer a disfiguring line, but becomes a real, live twig.

Those of you who have used stereoscopes will quite well appreciate what I mean. Not but what some of you who have used the old-fashioned box affair will probably have failed to see the proper effect of a stereoscope.

But to those who have never looked through one, I can only say they have a real pleasure awaiting them.

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The Principle of a Stereoscope.

THE principle of a stereoscope is comparatively simple. There are two magnifying lenses, and to all intents and purposes they are two eyes.

Under ordinary circumstances when you look at anything each eye forms its own image of the object you are looking at.

These two images, being taken from slightly different points of view, are slightly different from one another. You can readily prove that for yourself by looking at some near object with each eye alternately.

It was Sir Charles Wheatstone, as far back as 1838, who first pointed this out, and as a result of experiments he was, practically the designer of the stereoscope. The lenses of a stereoscope are inclined so as to shift the two images on the slide towards one another, and thus blend them into one. At the same time they somewhat magnify.

Photo by W. D. Welford.

A Flower-seller, Brussels.

Heretofore the stereoscope has been limited

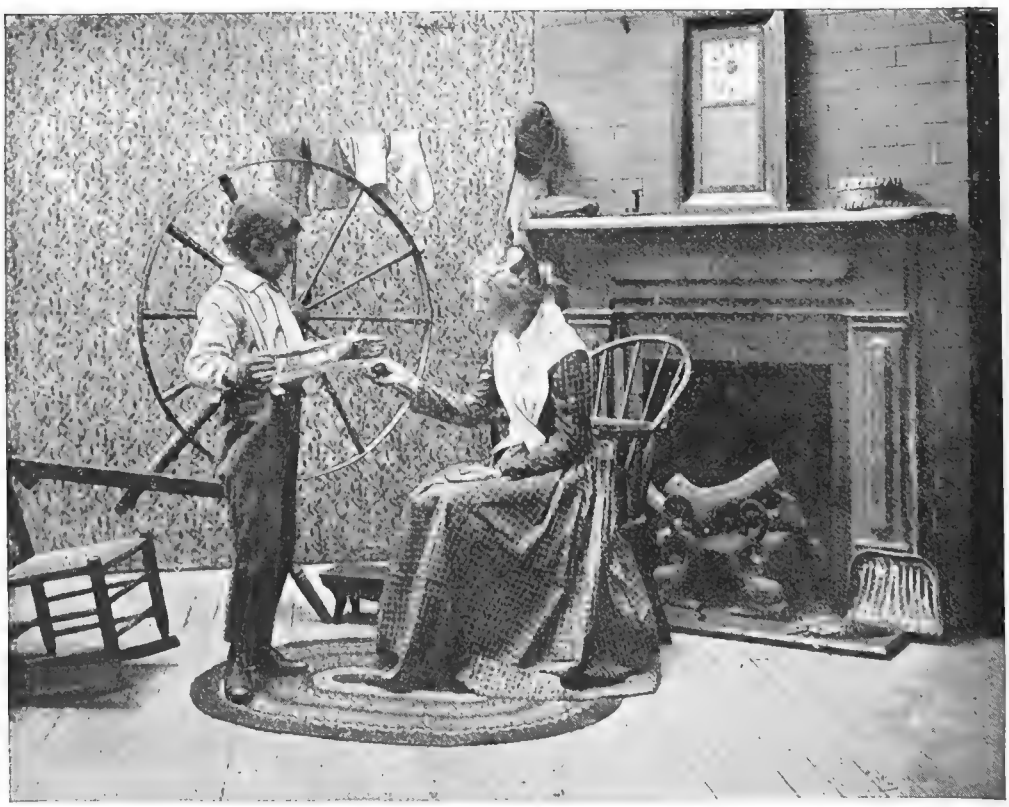

Photo by Charles E. Fairman.

Making Some Use of Him.

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Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

INNOCENCE.

Google

in its general use by reason of expense. The slides, too, have not, until recently, been really interesting or striking in their effect.

The new order of stereoscope is comparatively inexpensive. So also are the slides, although good ones cost something like sixpence each; and sixpences have a curious knack of mounting up into shillings and sovereigns.

A Wonderful Enterprise.

It has been left for this Magazine to bring the enjoyment of the stereoscope well within the reach of everybody.

Six shillings worth of slides for threepence. That is what it amounts to. Twelve stereoscopic slides are included in this number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE. All that you have to do is to cut them out and put them in the stereoscope. The result will probably astonish you.

If you wish you can mount the pictures on cardboard mounts which you can buy anywhere for a halfpenny each. Of course, this will necessitate your getting a couple of copies of the Magazine. That will make the total cost, say, a shilling for twelve good slides.

I have not taken into account the fact that, in addition to these dozen slides, you have thrown in what is practically a sixpenny magazine. A sixpenny magazine and a dozen stereoscopic slides for threepence! It really is wonderful; and when I reflect upon the little that one could get for sixpence, say, ten years ago, I do indeed marvel.

You may say that stereoscopic slides without a stereoscope are something like the Dutchman's anchor.

True. And therefore the proprietors, I find, have arranged to give anyone and everyone who likes to call or write a stereoscope for two shillings.

There are, of course, stereoscopes and stereoscopes. I have seen the particular sort Messrs. Pearson are going to supply. I recognised at once an old friend whose general market price is half-a-crown. And here, as I have stated, he is to be got for two shillings, and that will include postage if you want it posted.

It is a first-rate specimen of a stereoscope, too, and will do justice to any slide you like to buy, quite apart from those which the ROYAL MAGAZINE may publish now and hereafter. And some of those same slides thus to be published will be distinctly unique, just as unique as the snapshot interviews of the ROYAL MAGAZINE always are.

It is marvellous how it can be done. I can't say more. Just simply marvellous!

Photo by F. Dolman.

A Belle of Maoriland.

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Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles.

MILK OH!

Google

Photo by Bassano.

MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS.

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Amateur Stereoscopers.

A SHORT while ago I was discussing in these columns the opportunities ready to hand for amateur photographers who were anxious to make their cameras contribute something towards a supply of pocket money.

What I wrote evidently appealed to a goodly number of my multitudinous readers, for I have had quite an abnormal post as the result of it. I shall revert to the subject at a future time.

Meanwhile it seems to me that the use of stereoscopic photographs by the ROYAL MAGAZINE opens up a delightful and limitless field for the amateur who has or can afford to purchase a stereoscopic camera.

Photo by W. D. Welford.

The Siesta.

There are, of course, limitations in the subjects that are suitable. They must not contain too much fine detail that would be lost in printing. There ought also to be a foreground that will intensify the stereoscopic effect. There must be good, bold contrasts of light and shade.

The one great advantage of such work for an amateur is, of course, that there is no necessity to think out a subject for a series of photos as for an article. A single picture will do.

Space prevents my dealing just now with this particular phase of photography at length. It is sufficient to have suggested that this splendid idea of putting complete stereoscopic photography in the ROYAL MAGAZINE ought to be very welcome to my friend the amateur photographer, as well as to the ordinary reader.

Photo by Kodak Co.

Midsummer.

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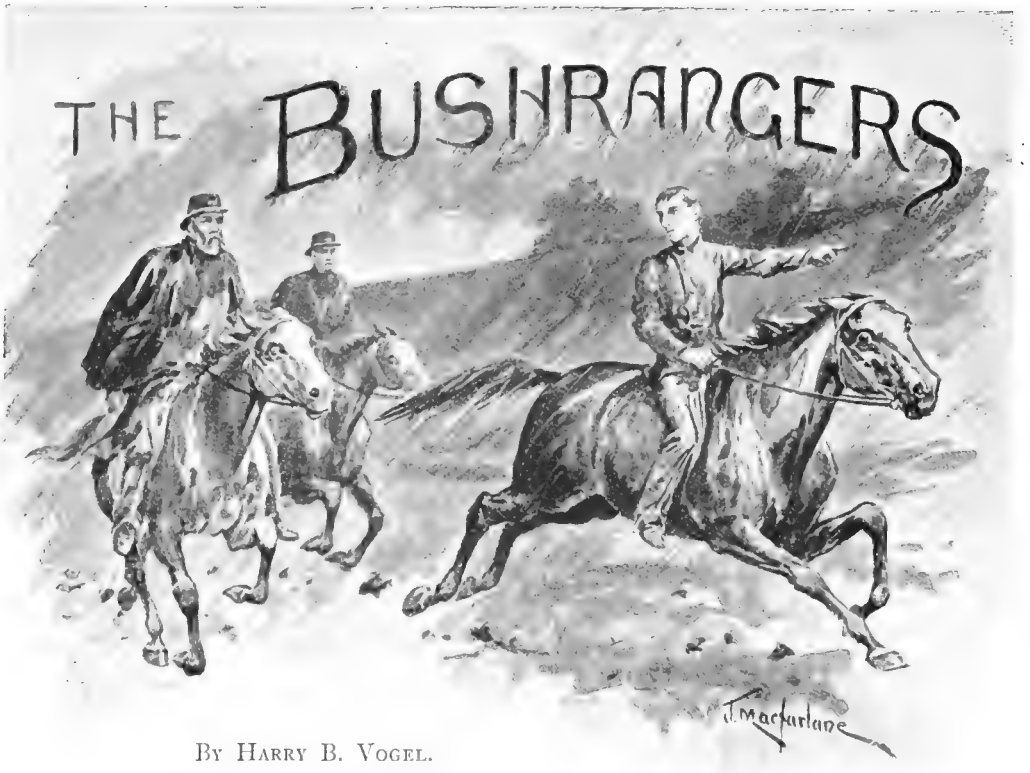

By Harry B. Vogel.

Author of "A Maori Maid."

No. III.—THE BELLMONT AND CAMPBELLTOWN AFFAIRS.

(A Complete Story.)

The police of a large and thriving place like Campbelltown no more imagined the possibility of bushrangers making them prisoners in their own police station than a kangaroo would have thought of browsing in the streets of Hobart. Yet, Garnet and his two companions had, without the least difficulty, entrapped the entire Campbelltown police force, and had experienced the supreme satisfaction of realising that it lay securely bound in the police cells. It had seemed as though the rich contents of the bank further down the main street would be transferred to the capacious saddle bags without any further difficulty.

Fortune, however, had decided against so smooth a path to success. No sooner had the three bushrangers assumed the garb of Her Majesty's police, than here they were called upon to perform the hazardous duty of attacking a band of brother outlaws who had "stuck up" the great homestead of Bellmont. Under ordinary circumstances, Garnet would have listened quietly to the tale of woe brought by the station-hand, who had made his escape, and then have enriched the cells with one more prisoner. But, outlaw and bushranger though he was, the old high standard of a gentleman's regard for women, still possessed him. The men who had stuck up the station, were in all probability escaped convicts, men, naturally of a low type, but still further brutalised and depraved by the treatment they had received at the hands of the prison authorities. Such men were brute beasts incapable of even a spark of tender feeling; not hard and stern in defence of their existence; not merely prepared to kill or be killed to preserve their liberty; but rather human tigers, whose amusement was cruelty of the most depraved kind, whose love of killing was at best a recklessness of consequence and, as often as not, sheer lust of blood.

It was, of course, possible that the youth who brought the information had exaggerated; and, as they cantered along the sodden muddy road, Garnet was deciding what he should do

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if he found that such was the case. The only course to be pursued would be to arrest the men and afterwards offer them the chance of escape, provided that the women were unharmed and that cold-blooded murder had not taken place.

Keeping to the high road for some six miles, the party made rapid progress.

"We'll turn off to the left beyond that rise," said the guide, and presently the three horsemen were travelling across a stretch of wild, open country.

Great flecks and flakes of mud bespattered riders and horses, and in the heavy drizzle the miniature clods melted into long, greasy streaks. Now and again, as they thundered across the flats and skirted the low ranges, they would surprise a herd of kangaroo that fled promptly.

"It isn't far now," said the youth; "that's the 'omestead over beyond them gums in the valley."

The afternoon was drawing in, and the grey mist of falling rain was darkening into the gloom of evening. In a populous country the lights of trim cottages would have twinkled on the hillside and in the dale. But in that remote corner of the world, and in those days, dwellings were few and, away from the main road, far and far apart. Coming night brought only long shadows, and softer lights, and—silence; that strange silence peculiar to the last hour of the daylight, when the morepork is just awakening, and the midnight prowler has not bestirred himself from his lair.

With increased swiftness, now that they had sighted their goal, the three men galloped on. Already the pace had commenced to tell, and the extended nostrils and long drawn sobs of their horses testifed to the task which had been accomplished.

At the gateway of the home plantation they drew rein and dismounted.

"See here, my lad, can you hold a pistol?" asked Garnet.

"Yes, sir, I think I can 'it one of them brutes if I gets a chance."

"Well, then, here's a pistol. But understand, you're not to use it under any circumstances whatever, unless I tell you. Threaten as much as you like, although, if you're holding a man up, drop him if he moves after you have once warned him."

He held her by the wrist with a grip of iron.

Both Garnet and O'Dare threw their cloaks over their saddles and then, following the guidance of the youth, they quietly approached the house.

A wide verandah appeared almost entirely to circle the building. It was raised some two or three feet from the pathway, and here and there was shut in by trellis work and creepers.

The front door was wide open, and the front of the house was in darkness. Garnet was too wise a general, however, to enter the building until he had satisfied himself as to where the bushrangers were.

Cautiously creeping along the verandah, he led the way to the corner and peered round. Two bars of light, streaming across

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into the misty darkness, testified as to where the immediate occupants of the house were gathered. They could hear, too, the sound of hoarse voices intermingled with ribald laughter and women's exclamations.

Garnet hurried forward as quickly as the necessity of a quiet approach permitted. He was three or four paces ahead of O'Dare, at whose heels crept the youth.

Suddenly above the bursts of loud laughter came the shriek of a woman.

Regardless of what it might cost, Garnet ran forward. The moment after he reached the window, a shot rang out into the night.

He was too late to prevent what had happened, yet he was in time to witness the act and its consequences. His eye took in the scene at a glance.

By the wall on the left sat an oldish gentleman securely bound to a chair with a coil of rope. Across by the fireplace was a rough, unsavoury-looking man, with close cropped head, struggling with a comely looking girl, apparently a servant. With his arm about her waist he was eluding her frantic efforts, and was imprinting kisses on her cheeks.

In the centre of the room stood another hulking, low-typed individual holding in his arms an exceedingly pretty girl, obviously the daughter of the house. Evidently her strength was exhausted, for she lay passive in the man's embrace.

At the moment, however, he was watching and laughing at the discomforture of the third man of the party, who was endeavouring to snatch a kiss from an elderly lady, whom Garnet rightly concluded was the wife of the old gentleman, and the mother of the girl.

The contest between the two was horribly unequal, and the girl with pitiable helplessness and terror, and the man with loud chaffing, watched its progress.

Garnet saw the lady wrench herself free, and, as the infuriated convict gripped at her, she drove her hands into his face, drawing blood with her nails.

Like lightning—far too quickly for any interference—the man drew his pistol and pulled the trigger. With a moaning, horrible cry, the poor lady staggered back, her hands to her breast, whilst the girl, with a shriek of horror, endeavoured to rush to her. Only to the length of her arm and the man's could she go. He held her by the wrist with a grip of iron and laughed at her frantic efforts to wrench herself free.

For an instant the man on the hearth-rug ceased his endeavours to caress, whilst the murderer, gripping his smoking pistol, stood and laughed at his handiwork.

Then, like an echo to the shot, came the crash of breaking glass and splintered wood, as Garnet, thrusting against the light French window, burst it open, and entered the room with O'Dare and the boy at his heels.

"Hands up, you devils!" he cried, and his voice had in it a curious quivering harshness, that not even his comrades had ever heard.

Each of the attacking party had picked his man and covered him. O'Dare selected him on the hearth-rug; the youth, the one grasping the girl; whilst Garnet, leading the way, had pitched upon the assassin of the poor woman.

"Hands up, I tell you, or you're dead men!"

For answer, the wretch with his empty pistol lifted his hands, as also the man holding the young lady's wrist. She, released from his grasp, ran with a cry to her mother, and, falling on her knees, endeavoured to staunch the blood pouring from the wound.

The man on the hearth-rug had, however, yet to be disposed of. With a quick movement, he gripped the servant girl round the waist so that she entirely protected him, and, stepping to one side, stood with his back to the wall.

Garnet perceived his object. If once the fellow drew his pistol, he could easily turn the tables on those whom he naturally took to be Government troopers.

"Look out, Teddy, take my man," Garnet exclaimed, and, sweeping suddenly round, he clubbed his pistol and struck the bushranger, cowering before the youth's shaking weapon, a blow on the head. The man fell like an ox.

Stepping across the body Garnet made a dash for the man holding the servant. Terrified, and realising her danger, she was, for the moment, too dazed to struggle or to move. As Garnet reached the man his hand sought his pistol, whilst with a wrench the servant half freed herself. It was an opportunity, and Garnet seized it.

"Move a muscle and I'll drop you!" he said quickly.

For answer the man whipped out his weapon.

The act was accomplished with lightning rapidity, yet, before the convict could aim, there echoed a sharp report, and a cloud of blinding smoke spat from Garnet's pistol. With a cry of rage and pain, the man, shot through the right shoulder, dropped his weapon. In another instant he lay

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stretched on the ground by a blow from the butt end of the bushranger's pistol.

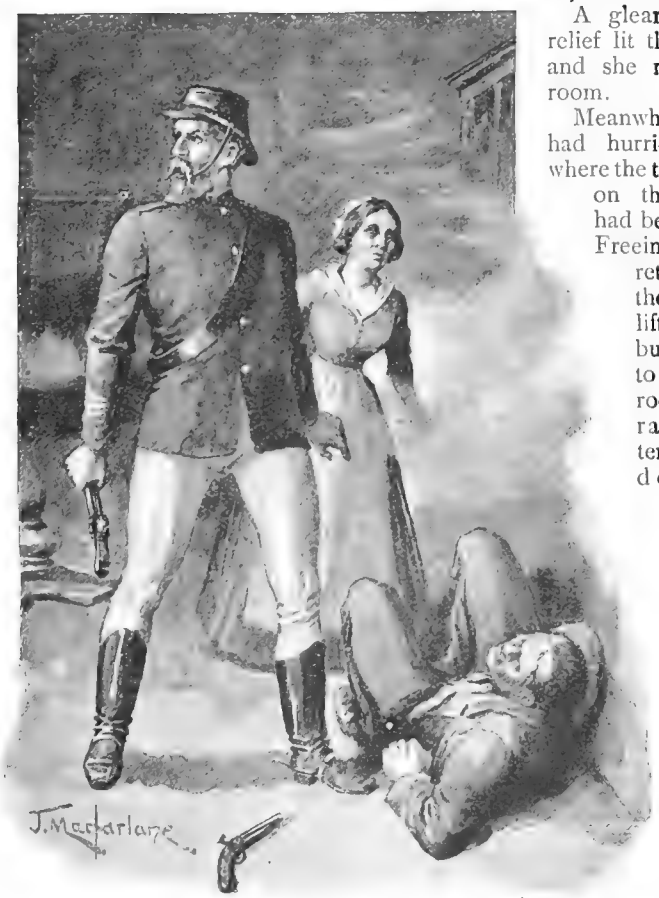
"Now, then," Garnet called to the lad, "give me that pistol, cut the gentleman loose, and then lash up these brutes before they come round. Teddy, see to your man."

The boy made haste to obey, and whilst Garnet stepped to the side of the prostrate woman, the three convicts were secured.

Pressing the girl gently aside, Garnet bent over the apparently lifeless body. A moment's examination, however, proved that the lady still lived.

"Teddy boy, be quick. You know more than I do what ought to be done," he called to O'Dare. "Now, young lady," he added, gently, "you must be strong and brave, and help us. Your mother is badly hurt, but not dead."

"Thank God, for that!" murmured the old gentleman, who, with bowed head and trembling hands, stood waiting for Garnet's verdict.



In another instant he lay stretched upon the ground by a blow from the butt end of the bushranger's pistol.

O'Dare took quick command, and there was that in his prompt orders and gentle, skilful handling, which astonished Garnet and brought a gleam of confidence to the stricken husband. It was as a lark freed back to its open skies, like a fish back in its limitless ocean. The bushranger was lost in the young surgeon; the careless adventurer had become in a moment a man of knowledge and skill.

Quickly he cut open the stained dress and took measures to staunch the blood.

"I want some water, some warm water, and a sponge, and some brandy, and something soft for bandages," he said.

"I will get them," said the girl, springing to her feet. "Tell me," she added, and even in that extreme hour Garnet noticed her wonderful beauty, "tell me, will—will she live?"

"It is not possible to say, but—I think so," answered O'Dare.

A gleam of intense relief lit the girl's face, and she ran from the room.

Meanwhile, the youth had hurried round to where the two men living on the homestead had been locked up. Freeing them, he returned with them, and they lifted the three bushrangers into an adjoining room. A few rags sufficed temporarily to doctor the wounded man who, with his companion, was slowly recovering consciousness.

Mrs. Russell's injury on close examination proved to be far less severe than might have been expected. So far as O'Dare could judge, the bullet had struck no vital part, but, glancing off the breast bone, had come out again immediately below the shoulder. The loss of blood and the shock were most to be feared, but within an hour or so she had recovered consciousness and had been carried gently down the passage to her bedroom.

It was now left to Garnet to play out his

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part of sergeant of police. Every detail of what had happened was noted down, and his prisoners were tended to and thoroughly secured.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Russell, I shall have to postpone my departure until to-morrow," he said.

"Of course, of course. I've had your horses stabled and some rooms made ready for you. You must certainly stay, and—and perhaps you will dine with me?"

Garnet hesitated.

"I include your companion. Oh! believe me, I shall be delighted. I—I fancy neither you nor he are—what shall I say—ordinary policemen, and I shall be very pleased to have your company."

Sergeant Sullivan bowed gravely, and if a smile did linger about his lips for the unconscious truth of the station-holder's fancy, an infinite grief gnawed at his heart.

Immediately before dinner O'Dare visited Mrs. Russell, and found that she had dropped into a quiet sleep.

"Come," he said to Miss Russell, "You must have something to eat. You may have a long bout of nursing, and must keep up your strength. Let one of the girls sit in here for a little."

It was a strange meal. The shock and terror of the day's happenings weighed on father and daughter, yet both were able to appreciate the refinement and the personality of their guests. They were policemen, one only a sergeant, the other but a constable, yet their manners, their thoughts, their conversation, were obviously those of high born gentlemen.

In such company the time passed quickly, and both father and daughter more than once surprised themselves in an outburst of hearty laughter.

By nine o'clock on the following morning, Garnet and O'Dare with their prisoners, made a start for Campbelltown, Garnet first carefully arranging that Mr. Russell should not ride over until the following morning, when the men would appear before the magistrate.

It was past one o'clock when the two bush-rangers with their prisoners turned into the station yard. Nolans was unfeignedly delighted, as delighted as he was astonished, to see the bound forms of the three wretched convicts.

"Well, Constable Simpson," said Garnet, "all well?"

"Yes, sir, all well; leastways, middlin' well,"

"Any prisoners?"

"Yus, sir. Them as you left, and one I 'ad to arrest last night down by the 'Crown.' 'E 'it me, sir, and," he added, in a low tone, as Garnet dismounted near him, "I came nigh puttin' a 'ole through 'im wiv' is capperin's. I'm sick o' this pleecin' I am, it's—it's fair 'orrid!"

Poor little Wingy had certainly had the kicks of the adventure, if it can be said that the other two had had the halfpence. Nor were the kicks merely metaphorical, as a sight of his bruised shins subsequently testified to Garnet. He bore, too, the further inconvenience of an uncommonly swollen and decidedly unsightly black eye.

"I tell yer it's fair 'orrid, Cap'n! Jist as I thought the day's dooty was over, ups they rounds to the front door and says there's a row on at the pub over by the fur corner. In course I 'as to go, though I didn't like leavin' the place empty, in fact, I kidded as you was inside. When I get's darn, sure enough there was a party as 'ad drunk 'iself silly, a-carryin' on and a-swearin' fit to make a man ill. 'E was a-smashin' glasses wiv 'is exub'rance; and a-dodgin' and 'itting at the gal be'ind the bar; and when 'e sees me, 'e goes fair off 'is 'ead. Wery wiolent 'e was I tell yer; worse 'n a steer in a brandin' yard. 'Course, I 'ad to go for 'im and I downs 'im, but not afore 'e gets me fair in the eye, and plays dawncing tunes up and darn my shins."

"Did you enter him in the charge sheet?" asked Garnet gravely.

Wingy looked up reproachfully.

"'Ere, who are yer a-chaffin' Cap'n? I tell yer my eye's simply 'orrid and—Enter 'im in the chawge sheet!" he said contemptuously. "No, but I well nigh entered 'im for the resurrecshun stakes, I did!"

Garnet, however, took a keen pleasure in performing his duties to the letter. The intoxicant of the previous night, now sober and sorry, was ignored; but the three prisoners from Bellmont were brought into the small office and their names, or such as they gave, duly entered with all other details. The wounded man's shoulder was re-dressed. Then the three were tied hand and foot, and, much to Wingy's delight, securely locked in the same cell as the policemen.

"There ye are," said the little man. "Yer can discuss politics and chain gangs and shootin' women—ugh! Yer ain't likely to 'urt each other, and it jist shows yer, sergeant, the fault o' not 'aving a proper lock-up! I'd requisition the Government in case this 'appens agin, I should."

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"Is everything ready?" asked Garnet, when they were once more alone in the police house.

"Yus," replied Nolans. "The 'orses are all saddled and waitin' to be led out."

The most vital portion of the task which the bushrangers had set themselves, had now to be accomplished; the contents of the bank had yet to be secured. Their first proceeding was to change back into their own clothes.

To Wingy was assigned the duty of leading the two horses round to the back of the bank and coming through from the rear of the building. The idea was to get possession just as the bank closed for the day. Once inside, the bushrangers could rapidly transfer the gold to the saddle bags and quickly ride away.

Before leaving the police-station, Garnet addressed a letter to the Sergeant giving him full details of what had happened at Bellmont, adding that Mr. Russell was to be expected on the morrow. Placing the envelope on the centre of the mantelpiece, Garnet locked up the yard and front doors, and pitched the keys into a water barrel.

The three bushrangers rode slowly out of the yard and across the main road down a side street nearly opposite, and almost entirely destitute of houses. The street, was in truth a mere muddy suggestion, the allotments on either side, being in some places still covered with scrub. A few minutes brought the men to the back of the building upon which they were contemplating their raid. At the corner they dismounted.

It was exactly six minutes to three.

Wingy secured the horses and unbuckled the saddle-bags, whilst Garnet and O'Dare strolled slowly around into the main road. At two minutes to three they entered the bank. The business of the day had apparently ended, for there was no one in the building but the cashier and an elderly man standing with his back to the counter and reading the contents of a large account book.

The clerk looked up as the two men—drovers he took them for—entered. One came towards the counter, the other loitered near the door. The manager glanced over his shoulder from his book, and, seeing nothing extraordinary, resumed his reading.

"'E was a-smashin' glasses wiv 'is exub'rance."

Garnet proffered a cheque which the clerk took. It puzzled him. He looked up at the same instant as O'Dare shut the door and turned the key.

"Hands up!" whispered Garnet, and the young man let the cheque flutter slowly to the counter, as he peered into the ugly black muzzle of a full-cocked pistol.

The manager turned, as O'Dare strode across.

"Hands up, sir!" he said sharply. "It's no use," he added, as the man hesitated. "We'll not harm you if you do as we tell you. Up, up!"

Up went the hands of the two men and for a moment there was a pause. Nolans' sudden entrance from the back broke it, and, using two long pieces of rope brought by him for the purpose, he quickly rendered the prisoners completely helpless.

"Your keys," demanded Garnet.

"They are in my trousers' pocket," answered the unfortunate manager, and in a moment they were extracted.

No time was wasted in opening the strong-room and taking the bags of gold, which were stowed away. There was no mistake

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"Hands up!" whispered Garnet, and the young man let the cheque flutter slowly to the counter.

about the richness of the bushrangers' haul, and they realised that they ran a distinct danger of overloading their horses. The small bags were packed away in the saddle-bags by Nolans, as swiftly as they were handed out to him. Nothing was taken but gold, and nothing was needlessly harmed or destroyed.

"We want the money," said Garnet, to the prostrate manager, "and nothing else. I'm afraid," he added, "that you will have to remain here a few hours until someone calls in."

Before leaving, Nolans made certain of the bonds securing the two men, and then, each carrying a couple of heavy saddle-bags, the three men left the bank by way of the back door. This they locked, afterwards throwing the key across into some long grass.

It took but a few minutes to adjust the saddle-bags, although in no case were they satisfied to trust merely to the straps. At length the booty was adequately secured, when, swinging into the saddle, Garnet led the way back along the track they had come. They turned into the main road, and, meeting a couple of horsemen, gave them a cheery "good-day." Nay, more, Garnet, in an impulse of bravado, pulled up.

"How are the roads?" he asked.

"Fair," was the answer, as the two men reined up.

"Come far?"

"Left Hobart yesterday."

"Any news?"

"No; nothin' extraordinary. Captain Garnet's still out. They're waiting for 'im down Tunbridge way. There's a rumour out that 'e means to stick up the bank," said one man.

"Like his cheek!" laughed Garnet.

"Wal, I reckon as 'ow 'e'll do it if 'e's made up 'is mind," said the other. 'E's a sight better of 'is sort than most of 'em."

"So you've a lurking sympathy with the desperado, eh?" laughed Garnet.

"I dunno about sympathy, but 'e's a rare plucked 'un, I reckon; Eh mate?"

"Don't see it," said the man, a big, surly-looking fellow. "They'll catch him soon enough and hang 'im!"

"Poor devil!" said Garnet.

"Serves 'im right, says I. I'd just like to meet 'im. There's a nice round sum on 'is 'ead. It would come in handy, I reckon. I'd give him short shrift if I met 'im!"

"Oh! you would, would you? You'd have your Christmas spree with his life-money?" said Garnet, fixing a keen look on the man. "Perhaps he might go one better!"

"Not he," laughed the man. "You bet, he's a regular skunk!"

"Well, may be. I'd—I'd just like to know if you found him so, should we happen to meet after you've had it out with him. Oh! yes, I expect he is a miserable skunk! A poor, forsaken fool, who—Oh well—— So-long!" and Garnet set spurs to his horse and cantered on.

In a few strides he came level with his companions.

Then in silence the three galloped steadily along the slushy road, until, bearing westward, they struck across country for Miller's Bluff.

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THE CRESTS OF THE WAVES.

By J. Holt Schooling.

In showing these crests of the Queen's Ships of War—which are literally the crests of the waves—I do not intend to give explanatory details about them, for they are self-explaining, but rather to use these very interesting little pictures as an opportunity to emphasize the truth of the words in the preamble to the Articles of War: "On the British Navy, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend."

I now give a very short summary of some notable historical instances, which show the immense importance to these islands of the Navy as the first line of defence. My authority for facts is the pleasing book "Britain's Naval Power," by Hamilton Williams, M.A., Instructor

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in English literature to Naval Cadets in H.M.S. *Britannia* [Macmillan and Co., 1894], an authority of unquestioned worth.

"To meet invasion successfully"—writes Mr. Williams—"the enemy must never be permitted to place his foot on our shore. Our insular position and our absence of frontier benefit us only so long as we encounter our assailants on the passage between their coast and ours." The ancient Britons did not realise this vital truth, for their defence of England began as the Roman legions stamped their salt-water-wet feet on British soil—and the ancient Britons were beaten.

Again, Britain was a Roman "colony" for three hundred years, but even the astute Romans did not leave this truth behind them—*the Navy is the first line of defence*—for after the departure of the Romans from Britain no effort was made, *on the sea*, to drive away the Angles, the Saxons, or the Jutes.

Alfred the Great made the great discovery which is well acted up to by Mr. Goschen of our day—*that the first and only real line of defence for an island consists in an efficient Navy:* "To Alfred," writes our historian, "was given the inspiration that the true defence was never to let the foe land. To effect this object he began to build the first British fleet." That was in the year 897, a thousand years ago!

And King Alfred's fleet, built on his own lines, what was it? The ships were "full-nigh twice as long as the others" [the ships of the Danes]; "some had sixty

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oars, some had more; shapen neither like the Frisian nor the Danish, but so as it seemed to him that they would be most efficient." A thousand years pass by, and this brave pigmy fleet of Alfred, the founder of the British Navy, has become the splendidly terrible fighting masses that are now our battleships and cruisers, backed up by our sharp-stinging sea-serpents of torpedo boats and destroyers. Truly a great brood — but Alfred's fleet was pregnant with this fearsome brood a thousand years ago.

Well; Alfred learned the lesson, built his fleet, and beat off the Danes—*at sea*—the Danes did not have the chance to land, as in earlier days, and to play havoc with the country.

Alfred died, and left behind him the best legacy the British Nation has ever had —the legacy of a commanding navy. The wisdom or the folly of Alfred's successors caused the power of this navy to wax and to wane, and heavy were the penalties when the navy was let to wane. The miserably weak and paltry Ethelred was fool enough to try repeated bribes with the fierce Danes, instead of hard sea-blows—look for his motto that ought to have been, and wasn't, at the crest on the left-hand side of this page, the "Frappe Fort" [*Strike hard*], of H.M.S. *Forte*, where there is an arm whose muscles are worthy of Sandow.

The Normans came colonising, as we do now. "A mighty force encumbered with men-at-arms, with mailed knights,

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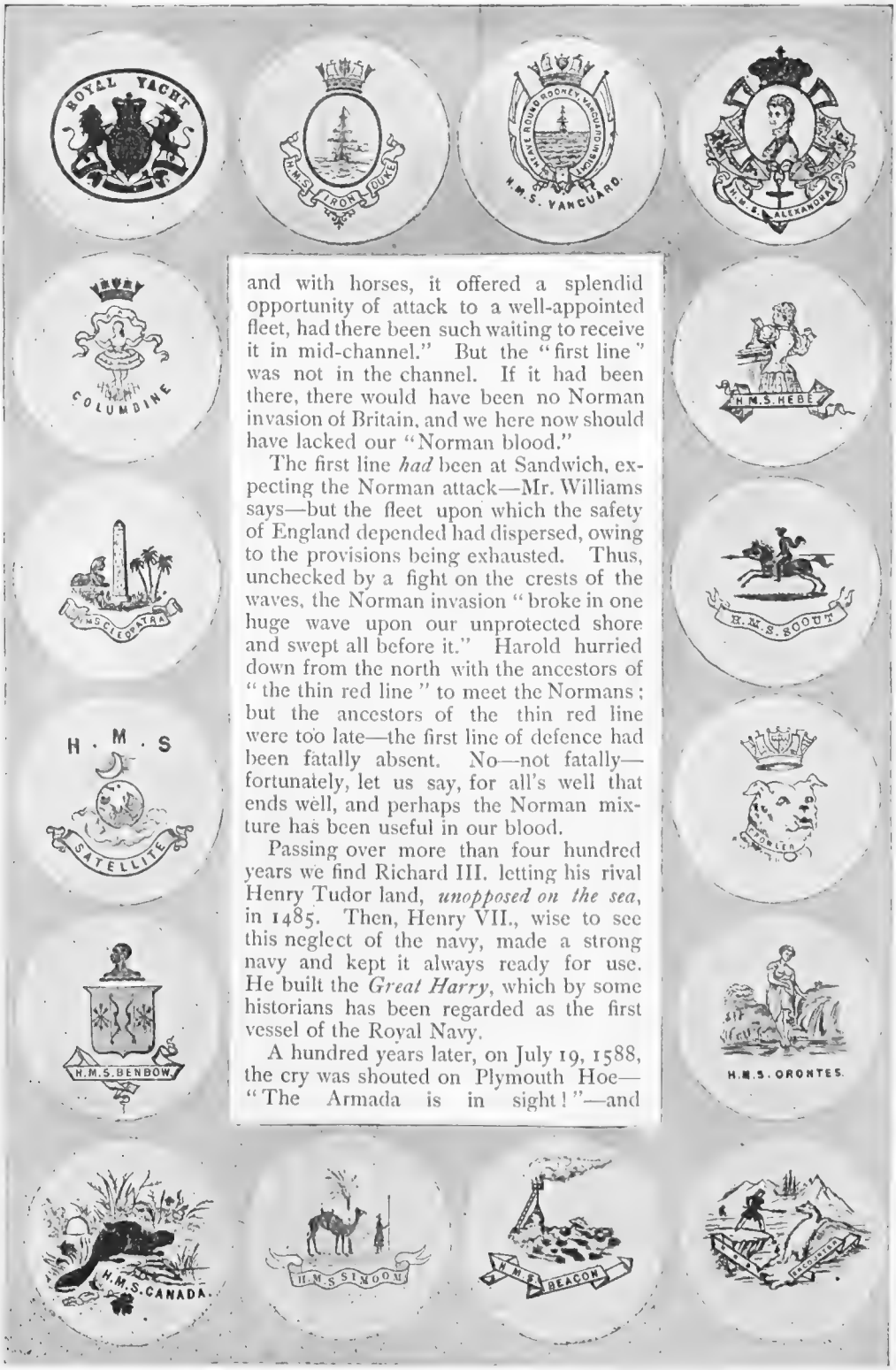

and with horses, it offered a splendid opportunity of attack to a well-appointed fleet, had there been such waiting to receive it in mid-channel." But the "first line" was not in the channel. If it had been there, there would have been no Norman invasion of Britain, and we here now should have lacked our "Norman blood."

The first line *had* been at Sandwich, expecting the Norman attack—Mr. Williams says—but the fleet upon which the safety of England depended had dispersed, owing to the provisions being exhausted. Thus, unchecked by a fight on the crests of the waves, the Norman invasion "broke in one huge wave upon our unprotected shore and swept all before it." Harold hurried down from the north with the ancestors of "the thin red line" to meet the Normans; but the ancestors of the thin red line were too late—the first line of defence had been fatally absent. No—not fatally—fortunately, let us say, for all's well that ends well, and perhaps the Norman mixture has been useful in our blood.

Passing over more than four hundred years we find Richard III. letting his rival Henry Tudor land, *unopposed on the sea*, in 1485. Then, Henry VII., wise to see this neglect of the navy, made a strong navy and kept it always ready for use. He built the *Great Harry*, which by some historians has been regarded as the first vessel of the Royal Navy.

A hundred years later, on July 19, 1588, the cry was shouted on Plymouth Hoe—"The Armada is in sight!"—and

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niggardly Elizabeth's scratch fleet went out to meet the Spaniards. Our first line of defence was again on the sea, and the Spaniards were beaten.

Another century passes, and in 1691 the French set out to invade England. Queen Mary—her husband William of Orange being absent—wrote to Admiral Russel, and told him to go out and fight at all risks, and so in May, 1692, the famous first line of defence drove off the threatened invasion at the Battle of La Hogue.

Two-thirds of a century slips by, and then in 1758 Nelson was born. In 1759, Rodney took the place of the baby-Nelson (then a few months old), and smashed the French at Havre, they being again determined to invade England.

From 1803 to 1805, Bonaparte was unceasingly engaged in preparing to invade these islands, and during those anxious years Nelson watched Toulon and Cornwallis watched Brest. Our first line of defence was the cat and the French fleets in their harbours were the mice. At last, on October 19, 1805, the signal ran up the mast, "Enemy coming out," and then at Trafalgar, on October 21, Nelson caught them, on the sea, and once for all proved in the face of the most momentous threat that ever hung over England, that "On the British Navy, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the Kingdom chiefly depend."

NOTE.—Readers who may wish to possess a complete set of Naval Crests, stamped in colours, can obtain a set from Messrs. Griffin, The Hard, Portsmouth. The use of crests by the Queen's Ships of War has of late years become obsolete.

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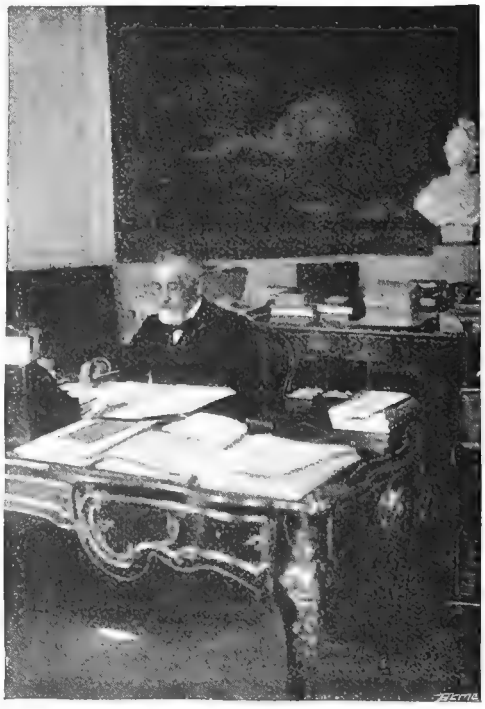
M. LOUBET.

(PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.)

Bon jour, Monsieur! I understand you wish to "Snapshot" me? Is that how you call it?



But you will pardon my continuing my work.

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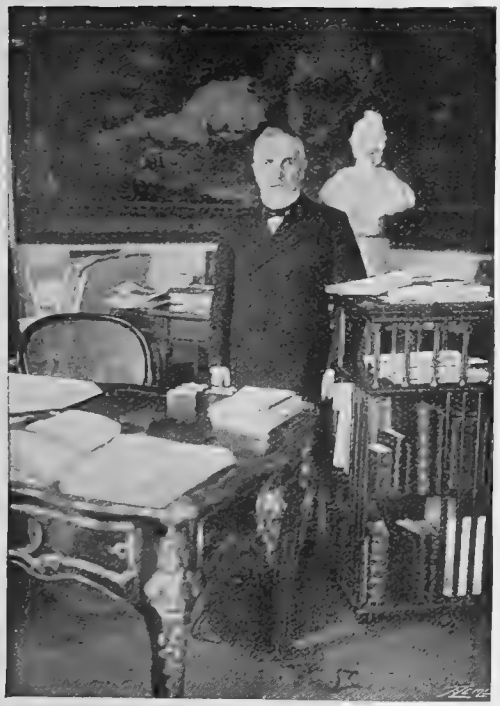
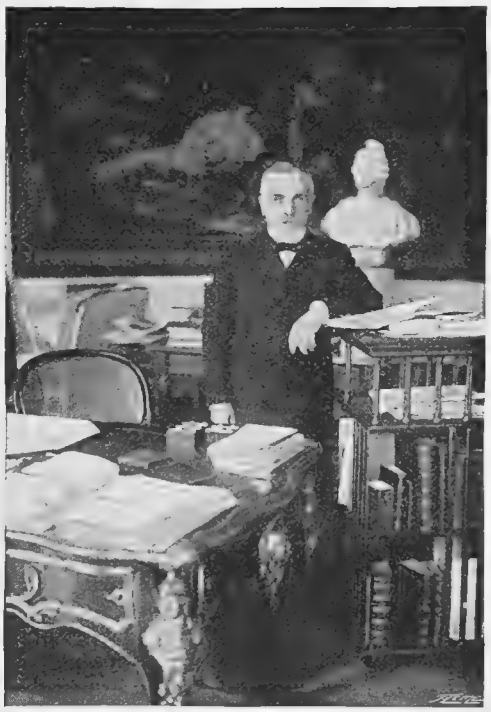


It is the first time I have been honoured by a special photographer from England.



Had I time I would grant you more facility, but I am very busy.

A photograph of me away from my table! With pleasure.

Good-day, Monsieur

From Snap-shots taken by Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. at a special interview at the Elysée.

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By

Ethel Beatrice Bailey.

David Sadd was a shy man. "Far too shy to ever take unto himself a wife," so the neighbours said.

He lived alone on his small flower farm, possessing the reputation of being a steady worker and a helper of lame dogs over stiles. He generally managed to climb his own unaided. At the beginning of one summer he went away for a holiday. This action aroused much gossip, but when he returned with *Mrs.* David Sadd, everyone marvelled. Curiosity was at fever pitch. David was discussed in ale-houses, over wash-tubs, between clothes-lines, and in all places where two or three were gathered together. The general opinion was that the all-important question had been asked by—well, *not* by David.

"Her's been a widder," said the matrons; "she'd been over the ground before and knew just how to set about it, and Dave never could abear to say 'no' to anybody."

"'T isn't fair," grumbled the girls, "when there ain't enough men in the village to go round."

And to pitch on Dave, of all people! She might have had old Andrew Spooner, and welcome. He'd only got twelve shillings a week, and had already took to goin' into "The Plough" of evenin's. *He* wouldn't have mattered; but to have David, with his snug little farm and quite a lot of decent furniture. It was mean of Providence.

The men of the village said little, but they whistled much.

Mrs. Sadd, walking down the village street, was conscious that, although spring cleaning had been duly performed, most of the women were busy with the curtains in their front room. Two children, sitting on the doorstep of a cottage, disappeared hastily at her approach. Almost directly a woman came from the back premises, and entering the front room, started flicking the dust noisily off a birdcage hanging in the window. The flickering ceased directly Mrs. Sadd had passed. She knew the reason why, and smiled grimly to herself. She did not mind very much. Knowing that her bonnet would make or mar her reputation the first time she appeared in the village street, she had donned the one nearest and dearest to her heart. She was triumphant. No other woman in all the district had a bonnet to equal her own. They might have pink roses, or red roses, or yellow roses. She had green—no one in all that village had ever soared so high. Mrs. Sadd, looking neither to the left nor right of her, marched slowly down the centre of the street, happy in the knowledge.

Many women contrived that day to make their purchases at precisely the hour Mrs.

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Sadd chose for her shopping. She was aware that before nightfall all her neighbours would know what price she paid for her butter, and if she was stingy with candles. Nevertheless, she gave her orders in a sharp high-pitched voice, and walked out of the shop apparently unconscious of beholders.

When three months had passed David began to feel sorry he was possessed of such a gift as imagination. It was as though a firework had entered into his soul, eradiating and lighting up the dull corners—so beautiful while it lasted—then slowly, slowly dying out to nothing, save a heap of ashes, and self-knowledge.

He had always held certain theories with regard to womenkind. He believed that women, although not of the most approved type, were yet angels.

His marriage did away entirely with any such belief. There were times when he admitted to himself that if he had anything to do with the arrangement of the universe he would be careful to keep angels in their proper places, and allow only everyday human, loving women on earth. Virtue and order are excellent qualities in woman, but when Virtue puts framed texts where account slates ought to hang, and Order makes a tired man take off his boots before tea and throw his pipes on the dust-bin, there have been cases where a man has so far forgotten his station in life as actually to revolt and assert what he absurdly calls his rights.

The little white cottage, with its four small rooms, and raintub outside the back-door, had seemed very pleasant to David in his bachelor days. He liked to think how homely it would be with a woman's step about the rooms and the sound of her voice to greet him when the toil of the day was over. He thought he should like to spend all his life under its thatched roof—quiet, restful years—filled with love and work. The woman came, and the gates of Paradise closed behind him.

He remembered the pride with which he had led her into the little parlour. One side of the hearth was his own cane chair, somewhat airy about the centre, but the embodiment of comfort. Opposite to it was a wicker chair, softly and prettily cushioned, with a workbasket beside it, filled with all the fearfully and wonderfully-made accompaniments of scissors and needles. He had spent much thought over its purchase, and was anxious to know if he had forgotten any article to make it complete. Brightly coloured oleographs were pinned on the walls; a geranium was placed precisely in the middle of the window sill, and in front of the fire a black cat slept the sleep of good mousers.

Mrs. Sadd, looking neither to the left nor right of her, marched slowly down the centre of the street.

He had explained to his wife that he had tried to brighten it up a bit. Mrs. Sadd had said nothing, but she had surveyed the room with a stony glance. When David came home the following evening he slipped as usual into the parlour for his tea. A sense that something unusual had happened came to him.

He looked about him, and his heart sank. This was no cosy parlour—no resting place for a weary man. No cat was sleeping on the hearthrug. He found the creature later in the evening cowering under the kitchen dresser, peering at him with frightened eyes. When

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sociable cats retire to the privacy of kitchen dressers it is usually a sign that women and brooms are in the immediate vicinity.

The easy chairs had disappeared. David looked in vain for his pipe and tobacco jar. Two framed pictures took up the former position of the oleographs. He smiled when he saw them.

One of the pictures represented the procession of animals into the Ark. The Ark was not unlike a fair-sized punt with the addition of a lid. There did not seem the barest chance of any animal larger than a lion getting comfortable lodgings, and even then doubtless Noah's wife would have found herself in rather close quarters. The picture hanging opposite portrayed Abraham offering up Isaac.

David, standing in his own home, felt himself a stranger. He turned away with a heavy feeling of loss. From that hour onward the feeling continued to haunt him. Mrs. Sadd was not content to be merely mistress of the home; her rule extended to the owner of it. She believed firmly in good business qualities—her own, not David's. Her ambition would not be narrowed by cottage walls—it entered the garden. Not a cabbage in the whole row might David call his own. At the end of the week he was told to harness the donkey and take the vegetables to market. David knew he was meek, but he was surprised to find *how* meek. He took the vegetables to market. His wife took the money for them to the savings bank. He was miserable, but endured silently until the final act of tyranny. Even then he only asserted his rights by putting an end to his wrongs. David was always so different from other men.

The reason for his turning was this: Mrs. Sadd, without any warning, suddenly evolved a ramping, raging religion. She had always been termed a religious woman, strict in her chapel-going and Sunday observances. This state was now too mild for her. Her husband almost trembled to see the fierceness and zeal that accompanied her conversion. She could not speak without a text to frame her words. The very bread David ate was baked in an atmosphere of sanctity, kneaded to the shouting of Revival hymns. At night she prayed loud and long; so long that David, feeling that she did duty for both of them, retired to bed prayerless himself. Finally, she triumphantly proclaimed herself one of the elect.

The destination of her own soul safely settled, she turned her attention to the needs of her husband. Her own state of bliss was effected at the beginning of summer, when there was much work for David in the garden. After attacking him and finding him stubborn, she resolved to put off his spiritual scouring until the chilly autumn evenings or winter nights. Safely penned between herself and the fire, there would be small chance for the black sheep to escape.

David did not wish to be redeemed. He did his duty and owed no man gold or grudges. His religion was so closely united to his simple everyday life that his wife, looking for it as a thing apart, did not even recognise its existence.

She could not but regard as dangerous and misleading, a faith unsustained by chapel-going and scripture-quoting. When David gave away patiently-tended strawberries—saying in his awkward way "that the woman was poor and the child so ill"—Mrs. Sadd called him a fool.

David was lonely.

One evening he came heavily in from his work, stepping, as usual, into the kitchen for his meal. Mrs. Sadd was sitting by the fire, her knitting in her hands and an open hymn book on her knee. She glanced up at David as he entered, and in that glance was meaning.

"I wish to speak to you," she said.

David did not wait to remove his boots, but cut himself a slice of bread and sat down. Mrs. Sadd waited until he had poured himself out a cup of tea. Then she laid her knitting down.

"David Sadd," she said, "the state of your soul is displeasing to the Lord and troublesome to me. I have yearned over it, but what with one thing and another, and the summer being such a busy time, I thought best to leave it until I'd got some of the garden work off my hands and the kitchen re-papered. The Lord is gracious, and has mercifully allowed you to live until the autumn. Satan has got you in his clutches. Do you believe this?"

David assented so readily that his wife eyed him suspiciously.

"I will save you," she continued. She paused a moment, then said impressively, "You feel yourself to be a miserable worm, David?"

"Ay, Ay!" said David. He was quite sure of that.

"Then," said his wife triumphantly, "you won't take long to get into the fold. Some sinners are as obstinate as mules to convince, and take months. Others again shine in

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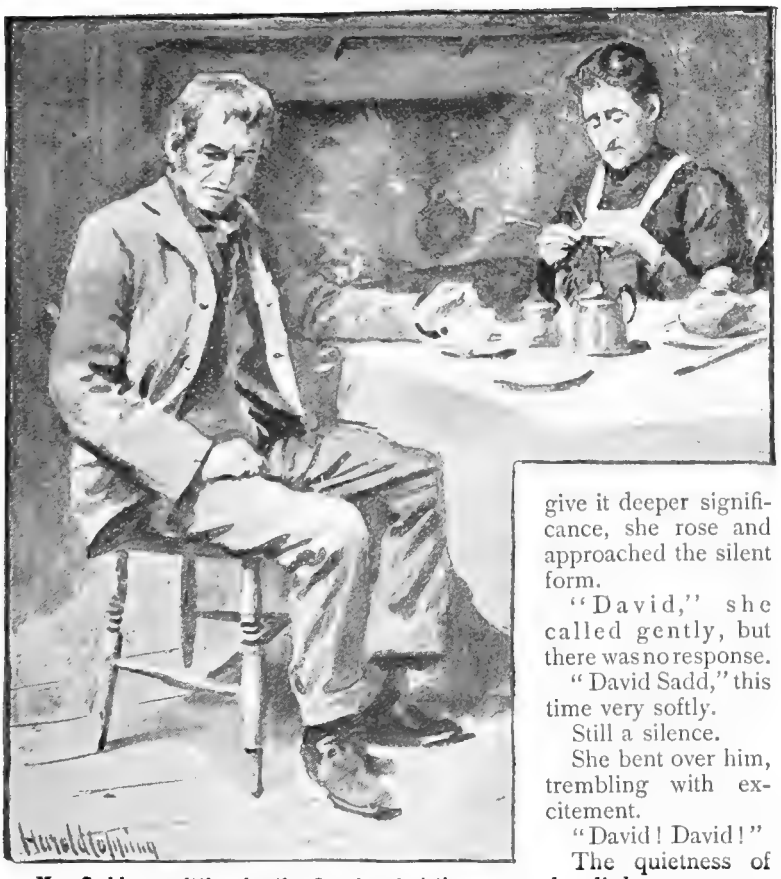
grace, and shout praises before the week is out. Now, David, you want new flannels badly this winter, but not a stitch will I put into them until I know they will be worn by a saved man. When you say to me, 'Maria, I'm a new man,' I'll start on them at once; but now I must give all my time to turning your heart. If you go cold this winter the blame won't be at my door, 'twill be the hardness of your own heart." She took up her knitting, and bent her eyes piously towards the hymn book.



Mrs. Sadd was sitting by the fire, her knitting in her hands.

David pushed away his untasted tea, and, setting his chair against the wall from mere force of habit, went out into the garden. Folding his arms on top of the little white gate, he stared gloomily in front of him. Everywhere was the greyness and chill of autumn — little piles of sodden richly-coloured leaves — a straggling bramble, with a few wizened blackberries still clinging to it—a heavy mist over the fields by the river bank—a sombre stillness in the air. The thought of his conversion and flannel shirts kept David meditating long. The village clock struck nine before he turned and walked up the shell-edged garden path—a New Man.

He entered the cottage to find his wife sitting up for him with a solitary candle.

That night in the darkness she prayed long and fervently for her sinner husband. In the midst of her petition she paused to see if her mediation was having any effect. David was very still. Taking this as a sign that he was stricken with remorse, she prayed yet more fervently. When the final "amen" was uttered, with a long pause between "a" and "men" to give it deeper significance, she rose and approached the silent form.

"David," she called gently, but there was no response.

"David Sadd," this time very softly.

Still a silence.

She bent over him, trembling with excitement.

"David! David!"

The quietness of the little room was broken. There were no tears, no passionate utterances of an awakened conscience, no frenzied declarations —just the peaceful snoring of a tired man.

Mrs. Sadd called no more blessings down on her husband's head that night. She retired with cold feet and a sense of wasted eloquence.

During the following weeks she made many attempts to soften her husband. David knew his moral nature was firm; but he sometimes feared for his brain. His wife was often irritated by a little smile that flickered across his face when he fancied himself unobserved.

"David," she said, one evening, "I'm going into the town to-morrow. I shall start early by carrier, and be back in the evening."

David nodded his head, not because he thought she was waiting for his assent, but merely to show he had heard her words. Then he smiled.

The next morning Mrs Sadd rose early, and after her breakfast laid the table for

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David's mid-day meal. He watched her wonderingly, and remembered that during the last few days her religious fever had decreased in temperature. She turned on the threshold to tell him the precise hour the potatoes should be put on to boil, and went out without her usual slam of the door.

When he knew she was safely jogging along with the carrier David put on his hat and walked down the road to a cottage half a mile or so out of the village. The master was at home and welcomed him. Old Willum, as the village called him, was the match-maker and occasional match-breaker of the whole neighbourhood.

Having loved and buried three wives he was much sought for his experience and knowledge of women-folk.

He had discovered the silver lining to many a matrimonial cloud. Once or twice he had dislodged a thunderbolt. He promised to help David. The two men sat long that morning, and Old Willum chuckled much. He had no tender spot in his heart for Mrs. Sadd, and his active old brain conjured visions.

Could Mrs. Sadd have seen her home later in the day, it is doubtful if she would have returned to it. They started with the parlour. David spared nothing. Down came the Scriptural calendars and texts and the pink and white paper roses from the fireplace. Down came the starched curtains from the window. The wool mats on the round table —the large hymn books—the stiff chairs—were all carried away.

"What shall we do with the textes and them things," said Willum, pointing to the calendars.

"Burn them," said David firmly.

Old Willum gave a low whistle.

"Burn them," said David again. They were burnt.

Then again he set to work on the parlour. Up went the oleographs—the account slate—the grocer's almanac. Back came the wicker chair and the old cane one with the hole in the middle. He hung faded red curtains at the window—his bachelor day curtains—he lit a cheery little fire in the fireplace, and put his pipe and tobacco jar on the mantelshelf. Then he went out to his little glasshouse and brought in a cheery scarlet geranium. He set it down on the window-sill. By seven o'clock the room was arranged to his satisfaction. The two men sat down in their shirtsleeves to rest. David went into the kitchen, and returned with a jug. He held it out to Old Willum.

"I dare say you're thirsty; bring enough for two of us."

Old Willum took the jug and went out.

In a few moments David crossed to the door and opened it. It was a dark, cheerless night, and the wind was chilling. He thought of his wife—wondered if she was very cold —dare say she wanted a cup of tea pretty bad.

He turned back to his old familiar room.

When Willum came back the room was very cheery. A kettle was singing on the hob, the red curtains were drawn, and the table was set for a meal. He thought David had done it for his comfort; then his eyes fell on something in the fender. Neatly placed together, with heels upturned to catch the warmth, was a pair of black shoes—shoes with a tiny ribbon bow in front.

"Well I'm blest," he said, softly, to himself, and he stared at David.

David saw the look, and to divert his attention asked him nervously if he thought the table would do.

Old Willum regarded it critically, and answered, drily:

"That he expected most women-folk, after drivin' in the bitter cold wind ablowin' outside, would like somethin' a leetle bit more comfortin' than chiny to swaller."

It was quite true. Cups, saucers, plates, even the tea caddy, but nothing to eat.

David searched in the kitchen and came back with bread, butter, and a piece of Dutch cheese. Willum sat by the fire watching proceedings with a look in his eyes that was rather trying to bear.

David arranged the table with great precision and surveyed it with satisfaction.

Then he joined Willum by the fire and waited. Willum helped himself from the jug liberally. David looked at the fire and smoked his pipe.

There was a long silence, then Old Willum burst out.

"Lordy! Dave. What's that you've got on?

"A flannel shirt," said David, laconically.

"A new one?"

He nodded.

"Where on earth did you get it from, and what's that over there?" peering through the firelight to a chair that had something strange and mysterious on it.

"More," answered David, still without removing his pipe. "Got them from town; carrier brought them last Saturday."

"Didn't she see 'em?" said Willum, terribly excited.

"No, she didn't," said David, slowly; "she

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was busy in the kitchen and I put 'em in the tool shed."

Willum looked with intense admiration at the lanky figure opposite, but all he said was, "There'll be a mighty rumpus, Dave."

Dave put down his pipe and rose to his feet.

"No there won't," he said, looking steadily at his friend. "No there won't, I'm a New Man."

Willum was silent through sheer astonishment. Then the New Man lit a lamp, and pushing aside the curtain, put it on the window-ledge, so its light streamed down the garden path.

"It's a bad night," he remarked, "coming on to blow hard and snow too, I fancy. Carrier's late."

It was nearly nine o'clock before steps were heard coming up the garden. They went past the parlour window, and the men heard a great knocking on the back door. It had been bolted early in the evening. Opening the front door, he called out:

"This way, Ria."

Ria was crying, her face hidden. He put his hand on her shoulder.

It was the name he had called her by when they were first married. A figure turned at his words and came slowly towards him.

"What do you mean, David; do you think I'm coming in this way with the snow dripping off me and my boots covered with mud. Open the back door at once."

Willum shivered in spite of the fire when he heard the sharp voice of Mrs. Sadd.

"Ria," said David, "it's too cold to stand talking outside."

He took hold of her arm, pulled her gently but firmly inside, and shut the door. She was in a piteous plight. Her bonnet all wry, her face pinched with cold, and the snow dripping off her into a little pool on the carpet.

Old Willum stole a covert glance at her, and, throwing a look of commiseration at David, sidled out into the night, closing the door softly behind him.

"There's no countin' for women when their tempers is riz," he murmured to himself.

So David and his wife were left alone.

"Sit down, Ria," he said kindly, "I'll make the tea while you're getting off your wet things."

She stood on the threshold, staring in a dazed way about her. She saw David's pipe on the mantelshelf, his account slate on the wall; her eyes fell on his flannel shirt. Then speech came to her.

"David, are you mad?" she cried. "Are you clean gone out of your senses?"

"No," he said, and he looked straight into her eyes, "I've just come into them—I'm a New Man."

There was something in David's look that told her that his words were true. She sat heavily down in a chair, gazing unseeingly before her. Very quietly David measured out the tea, and, not forgetting first to warm the pot, poured on boiling water. He filled

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a cup, and laid a piece of bread and butter in the saucer.

"'Ria," he said, "drink this. It will do you good."

Mechanically she raised her hands to untie her bonnet strings, but they fumbled nervously, and would not do their work. David put down the cup and untied them for her, laying the bonnet on the table. He loosed and removed her cloak; taking off her muddy boots, he replaced them with shoes—warm from the fire. She suffered him to do it, making no sign, uttering no protest. David put the tea in her hands, and carried away the boots to the kitchen.

Then he heard a strange sound, and the breaking of china.

He went hastily into the front room. The tea was streaming out of a broken tea cup on the floor, and—and Ria was crying with her face hidden. He put his hand on her shoulder.

"Don't, Ria," he said, "don't cry."

Perhaps it was the warmth of the room after the chill of night, perhaps she was tired after a long day's shopping, but she cried all the harder.

David did not understand. He almost repented of being a new man, and his determination to be master. Her tears distressed him so keenly.

Knowing her pride, he felt for the time she must hate the very sight of him, and he stole quietly away.

He paused at the doorway, and even as he looked back longingly at her, she rose unsteadily to her feet, and held out her hands.

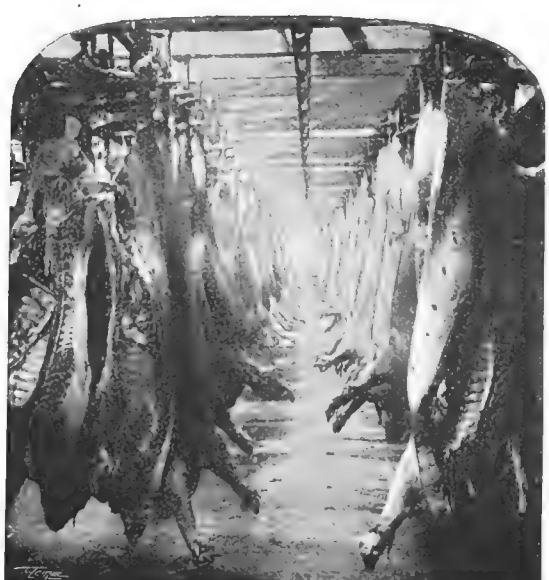
"Dave," she sobbed. "don't go away."

Dave stayed.

HALF-A-MILE OF PORK.

Everyone knows of the tinned meats packed by the famous Armour Company of Chicago. The firm is far and away the largest of its kind in the world, and during the Spanish-American War the greater part of the food supplied to the United States troops was from Chicago. Our photograph shows a view in the huge packing-house, and the headline, "Half-a-Mile of Pork" is no mere phrase but literally describes this avenue of pigs' carcases.

The number of slaughtermen employed by the Armour Company is enormous, and it is said that over a million beasts are killed annually for food in this establishment alone. Every appliance which tends to cleanliness and sanitation is brought into requisition, and this fact must give cause for satisfaction when it is remembered that the health, if not the lives, of thousands of people depend upon the purity of the tinned foods prepared at Chicago. The "Mushroom City" has certainly made good its title, though against its will, to the nickname of Porkopolis.



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A Lane in Armour's Packing House.

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HOW DOGS ARE RACED.

By Wellesley Pain.

The sport of dog-racing is more popular in the North than in the South of England, and it is not a very nice amusement in either district. To the uninitiated the game may seem to be perfectly fair and straightforward, while all the time the result is carefully "arranged" beforehand.

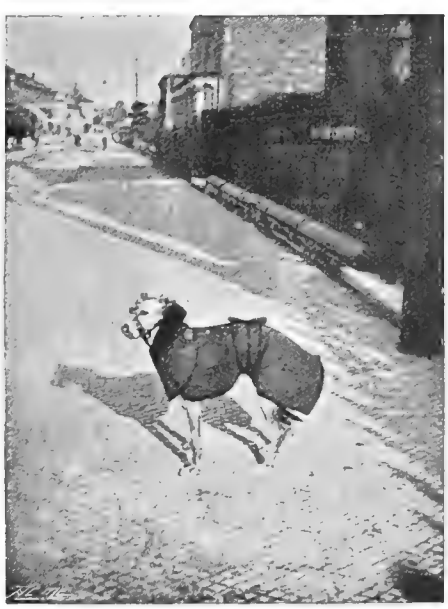
The dogs employed for racing are generally whippets, *i.e.*, minature greyhounds. They vary considerably in size, and are handicapped in the races according to their weight; the lighter the dog the longer start he gets. Few people have any idea of the high speed at which a good whippet can travel. A race of two hundred yards has been run in a fraction over twelve seconds, and it is this fast pace that gives the unscrupulous owner an opportunity for cheating. This will be understood when the methods of racing are explained.

The majority of dog races are run off in heats; there are never more than six dogs in each heat. After the first round the winners of heats are drawn against each other, and the process is continued until there is only one heat to be run off. The winner of that is the winner of the handicap.

The racing is managed in the following manner. The dogs are held on to the marks allotted to them by the handicapper, and when all are ready the owners or trainers of the dogs run up the course. As they run they wave white towels or pieces of white calico—technically known as "the rag"—and attract the dogs' attention by whistling and calling to them. These men are obliged to pass a mark placed about ten yards past the winning-post. The starter usually stands either behind the dogs, or one side of the course close to them. The start is effected by the firing of a pistol, and the dogs being released run as fast as they can towards their owners or trainers. As these men are standing ten yards past the winning-post, it follows that the dogs are running at their best pace as they pass that spot.

Each dog is distinguished by wearing a coloured riband round its neck, and the judge usually stands in a hole in the ground so that his eyes may be on a level with the dogs as they pass him. Directly the race is over the judge hoists a coloured flag corresponding to the colour worn by the winning dog.

A word as to the way in which the dogs are started for a race. They are not merely released by the men who are holding them on to their "marks." The man in charge of a dog generally kneels with one knee on the ground, and holds the dog by the scruff of the neck until the starter gives the signal to "get ready." The man then takes a firmer grip with his left hand of the loose skin at the dog's neck while with his right hand he holds the dog up by the root of the tail so that only the dog's front legs rest on the ground. The front legs must not be beyond the mark from which the dog is to



A Whippet—the favourite type of race-dog.

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start. As soon as the pistol is fired the man "throws" the dog off. The object of this "throw" is to enable the dog to fall at once into his stride. If the dogs were merely slipped, in all probability they would not go "clean" from the slipper's hands, and in scrambling to get off they might slip and thus lose all chances of winning the race.

It will be easily understood that there is a right and a wrong way of "throwing" a whippet off the mark, and that the wrong way is the easier of the two. A good start is worth several lengths to a dog in a hundred and sixty yards race.

Nearly every whippet owner has his own particular fad with regard to the feeding of his dog while in training. In most cases, the staple article of diet is toast or crust of bread, and to this is added a little lean mutton, or a few scraps of fish for a change. During the last week of training the whippet is fed principally on beef-steak, while if he be over-trained and "stale" he may get a raw egg as a pick-me-up. The owner has always to bear in mind that his dog must not weigh more on the day of the race than he is entered as weighing, half-a-pound being the maximum difference allowed. As most owners prefer to enter their dogs as "light" as possible, with the idea of influencing the handicapper in their favour, the business of keeping down the weight is a very important one. All the dogs are weighed on the ground immediately before racing commences.

The judge stands in a hole in the ground; the men with the "rags" being ten yards past the winning post.

The exercising of the whippets is tedious work, since the dogs must be led out for their walks. The trainer usually commences the day by giving his dogs their liberty for half-an-hour. He then takes them up, puts on their leads, and goes off for a walk of from six to twelve miles. The length of the walk varies according to the dogs' constitutions, and the amount of time that the owner is willing to subtract from his usual working hours. But whatever length the walk may be, it must be steady and continuous; it will not answer the same purpose to let the dogs run loose and follow as they please. They must walk steadily the whole time, and this form of exercise is found to be an excellent recipe for producing muscle. In addition to this the dogs are allowed a gallop two or three times a week, the length of the gallop being the distance of the race in which they are to take part. They are trained from puppy-hood to run to "the rag." A careful trainer never allows his dogs to run behind a bicycle or a horse, as the constant galloping is said to shorten the stride of the dog, and thus reduce his speed.

There are several ways in which it is possible to cheat at dog-racing. It might be thought that the easiest of all would be the simple act of starting the dog a fraction of a second before the pistol was fired, but this is not so. The judge or the starter usually finds no difficulty in detecting this little ruse, and the penalty is complete disqualification for the whole of the race. It is no easy matter, however, to say with certainty that a man has been guilty of "holding" the dog at the start. This "holding" is the most common form of dishonesty at dog-racing. Its object is plain enough. It will be remembered that a whippet can run a hundred yards in about six seconds. A man has only to "hold" his dog a *quarter of a second* after the pistol is fired and he has given all the other dogs four yards start. Of course no man would treat his dog in this

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manner unless he had previously arranged with the owners of the other dogs as to which dog was to win, and had betted on it accordingly. If only this practice of "holding" dogs could be prevented, whippet racing might become a popular sport. The spectacle of five or six of these little dogs racing against each other is a very pretty one, and while we enjoy it we have the additional pleasure of knowing that no living being is suffering in order that we may be amused, and that the dogs engaged in the race really enter into the fun of the thing.

At top speed.

Another method of cheating is to overfeed the dog just before the race. A long drink of water will have the same effect. Nearly all whippets wear "box muzzles" when they are not running in order that they may not pick up scraps of food from the ground, poisonous or otherwise.

A few years ago, the Kennel Club recognised the breed and gave it a place in their stud books. Since then, classes have been provided for it at some shows, but the writer knows of no dog that has won a prize at a show and has also figured well as a running dog. With regard to whippets, "handsome is that handsome does," and the most unlikely looking dogs often turn out to be the speediest runners.

The men who own these whippets spend an infinite amount of time and trouble in training them.

They are usually men in humble positions, and they have been known to deny themselves and their families proper food and clothing so that their dogs should receive every possible attention. For the whippet is a delicate dog. He is very liable to catch a cold, and so he is usually clothed when he is not running. Many men let their whippets wear tightly-fitting undercoats as well as the ordinary coat, and even then the dog will shiver if he be standing still and the wind be in the East. Most owners pamper their dogs as far as warmth is concerned, and the writer has known several cases in which the family whippet invariably slept in the best bed in the house.

It has been said that all dogs derive the nobility of their characters from long and close acquaintanceship with man. The little whippet would seem to disprove this theory. Certainly the racing of whippets is one of the most shady kinds of sport in existence, and efforts to reform it have been almost in vain.

The Correct Method of Starting.

But popular attention is being directed to the sport, and it is hoped that before long it may be freed from dishonourable practices.

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A PRINCE OF BRITISH INDIA

By A. L. Cotton.

A TRUSTED adviser of Lord Curzon of Kedleston, His Highness the Maharajah of Durbhunga, is to-day one of the premier Hindu noblemen of British India. In his capacity as a member of the Viceroy's council, he may be said to be the official spokesman of the great mass of his fellow-countrymen on all political and social questions. Thoroughly imbued with Western principles of government, a fluent English scholar, and an able orator, Maharajah Rameshwar Singh stands out among our Indian princes as a ruler of quite exceptional sagacity and tact.

The beautiful grounds and palace of the Maharajah of Durbhunga.

The vast estates over which he has control have long been regarded as a model of good management; they extend over an area of 2152 square miles, with a yearly rental of 30 lakhs of rupees, or £250,000. Enormous sums are yearly spent upon their improvement and development; and the palace and gardens at Durbhunga are one of the show places of Bengal. The capital, from which the title is derived, is a large and thriving town with a population exceeding 70,000, and is the centre of an important indigo district, in which much European capital has for many years been sunk.

With the kind permission of His Highness, we are enabled to present to our readers a series of photographs of unusual interest, depicting some of the more striking features in the princely home of the Maharajah at Durbhunga.

The first of our illustrations displays the grounds and palace, which were honoured by a visit from Lord Dufferin during the term of his viceroyalty. The gardens were originally laid out by M. Marius, now head gardener to H.H. the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior, and are

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deservedly famous for their beauty, recalling an English park in the simplicity of their arrangement. Everything connected with the estate being directly supervised by European managers, there is none of that mixture of squalor and splendour which is so common among Orientals. In the palace itself the decorations are harmonious and tasteful; the magnificent silver furniture is free from any taint of vulgarity; there are no cheap oleographs upon the walls, nor tawdry ornaments of "Brummagem" manufacture to distract from the effect. This fact alone, indeed, would serve to render the Durbhunga Palace remarkable among Eastern residences.

The Maharajah surrounded by his suite. He is wearing the costly necklace and sword presented to him on his accession by the Government of India.

Especially conspicuous are two massive silver goblets, the "Viceroy's Cup," and blue ribbon of the Indian turf, twice won by the late Maharajah, whose racing stables were managed by no less an expert than Lord William Beresford.

Among the many objects of interest are a set of ivory chairs, which were once the property of Tippoo Sultan, and the copy of Hansard, which was invariably used by Mr. Gladstone up to 1874, when it was sold by him to the then Lord Wolverton, and subsequently purchased by the Maharajah. These volumes are of considerable importance, for they are throughout heavily scored and marked in Mr. Gladstone's handwriting.

Leaving the palace, we turn to the subject of our second photograph: a portrait of the Maharajah himself, sitting surrounded by his relatives and suite. His Highness is represented wearing the costly necklace and sword, presented to him on his accession by the Government of India as *Khillat* (literally "robe of honour").

The next photograph illustrates the recent Durbar, at which the title of Maharajah Bahadur was formally conferred upon His Highness. At the end of the hall is Sir John Woodburn, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, beneath a canopy of crimson velvet, elaborately decorated with Kashmir work in gold. Chairs, pillars, tables, are of solid silver, while the carpet is of cloth of gold. Standing to the left of the Maharajah is the Chief Secretary to the Government of Bengal, and near him, in uniform, an *aide-de-camp*.

It will be noticed that the costume of his Highness is literally incrusted with diamonds and other jewels, many of them of enormous size and of incalculable value. He wears the magnificent headdress of the Mithila Brahmins, of whom he is the chief; the scarlet material, of which it is composed, is scarcely visible beneath the mass of gems which cover it.

Our fourth illustration shows us the Maharajah upon his elephant of state. Whenever he dismounts from or mounts upon this animal, the family priests invoke a protracted blessing in monotonous sing-song. In addition to his silver goad, resembling Neptune's trident, the mahout carries a fly-flapper, while behind is an umbrella of white silk, bordered with pearls, both emblems of Oriental sovereignty. The curiously

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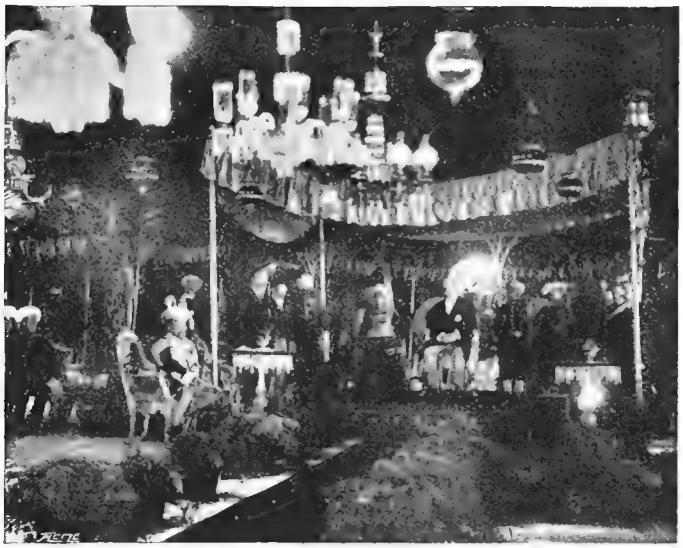

The Durbar at which the Maharajah received his title. Beneath the canopy sits Sir John Woodburn, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

carved howdah is of the purest silver. Attention is particularly directed to the lavish adornment of the elephant, even its tail being utilised in the general scheme of decoration; the covering is thickly caked with gold, and two long strings of pearls are suspended from behind the ears.

This is the Maharajah's state elephant, but it is only one of the numerous fine animals which are maintained at the cost of His Highness. The complete herd comprises no fewer than forty-eight elephants, to some of which we are introduced in our title-picture. It may be mentioned that all the howdahs visible in this photograph are, like that in the last, of silver. Upon the sixth elephant from the right, looking at the picture, may be seen a handsome ivory drum, which is usually carried at the head of the procession. The elephants belonging to the Rajah are under the control of an old man of upwards of eighty years of age, who figures in the photograph of the state elephants in the howdah with the Maharajah. Each elephant rejoices in an appellation taken from the names of mythological or historic heroes; and it is their veteran keeper's boast that every elephant is known to him by name. Our tail-piece exhibits twenty-four of the herd ranged up in line.

We now come to a very different subject; the Maharajah's European drag. This vehicle was specially sent out from London, and possesses all the latest improvements. By the side of his Highness sits his veterinary surgeon, Mr. J. Tagg, M.R.C.V.S., to whom the credit of the turn-out is due; behind are visible a number of English sub-managers of the estate. The Durbhunga stables are celebrated throughout India; and the Maharajah is well known as a successful breeder. The stables contain one hundred horses, many of them English. The harness room is stated, not unjustly, to be without a rival in the East.

The last photograph which we reproduce brings us once more wholly outside the European aspect of the Durbhunga Raj. It represents the family place of worship at Goswami Ghaut, where every successor to the title and estates is enjoined to offer up his prayers at his accession and to receive the blessings of the priests. This beautiful

The Maharajah riding upon his elephant of state. The head of the elephant is lavishly decorated with gems and gold.

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This splendidly-appointed European drag was sent out from London specially for the use of His Highness.

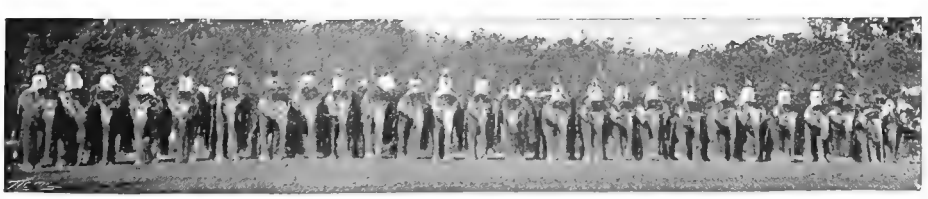
temple, with its exquisite situation on the borders of a lake, is thus intimately bound up with the destiny of the Maharajahs of Durbhunga.

The title itself dates back only to 1808, when the then Maharajah Chutter Singh was formally recognised and invested by the British Government; but the origin of the family can be traced as far back as the reign of the Emperor Akbar, whose lieutenants they were in the province of Behar.

The present Maharajah, Rameshwar Singh, is now in his forty-second year, and was at one period, previous to his accession, a member of the Statutory Civil Service, which was created by Lord Lytton in order to provide suitable and responsible employment under Government for the sons of Indian noblemen. It is doubtless to his experience as a joint magistrate that his Highness owes those business-like habits and that firm grasp of detail which so pre-eminently distinguish him. Few Orientals have, it may be said, more successfully combined the apparently incompatible characteristics of East and West, and he stands out to-day as one of the most statesmanlike of Hindu rulers in our Indian Empire. Short as his reign has been so far, he has earned the commendation of all who have come into contact with him. A Prince of British India, his position is assured alike by the extent of his great influence and by the Western character of his ideas.

Were many others of the native princes to follow the example of their distinguished brother, there would, it is safe to say, be less discontent among the lower people.

Every successor to the title and estates of Durbhunga has to offer up prayer at his accession in this beautiful private sanctuary.



The above photographs are by Bourne & Shepherd, India.

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"GOOD LUCK!"

WHEN I was but a hobbledehoy,
Heigh ho, but it's long ago,
In books and such I found no joy
Heigh ho, but it's long ago!
My father caught me climbing a tree,
"Come down, I'll teach you better," said he,
I saw the length of the whip he'd got—
And only answered I'd rather not.
As Luck would have it, I might as well,
For I missed my footing and down I fell!
"That's Luck," said I,
"Good Luck," said I,
"For I might have gone thieving, by-and-bye!"

When next I came to man's estate,
Heigh ho, but it's long ago,
I thought that I had met my fate.
Heigh ho, but it's long ago!
For off I set a lass to woo,
But found on the way a horse's shoe,
That's luck—so back I went once more
To nail the shoe against the door.
And when I wooed the lass next day
A box on the ear was all she'd say!
"That's Luck," said I,
"Good Luck," said I,
"For I might have been married, by-and-bye!"

When I was forty and two years old,
Heigh ho, but it's long ago,
My uncle left me all his gold,
Heigh ho, but it's long ago!
Thought I, now I'll have some to spend
And some to lend to a needy friend,
And just a little to lay aside
For a rainy day in a stocking wide;
But of the gold there was no sign—
'Twas all sunk deep in a Cornish mine!
"That's Luck," said I,
"Good Luck," said I,
"For I might have turned spendthrift, by-and-bye!"

So now I've reached my manhood's prime
Heigh ho, for I've ceased to grow,
Just as I please I spend my time.
Heigh ho, it's as well 'tis so!
If I'd not tumbled out of the tree,
To-day I might in prison be,
If I'd had money to spend and lend
'Twould sure to have cost me many a friend;
If I had married, I'd have a wife
To vex and plague me out of my life!
"That's Luck," say I,
"Good Luck," say I,
"And I mean to stay lucky until I die!"

CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Google

THE INTERESTING CASE OF PETER HOSKYNS

By J. HURST HAYES.

Illustrated by TOM BROWNE

ME bein' a lit'rary gent I cannot pretend to exactly understan' to the full the exact Scientific Significance of the case of Petros Hoskyns. That part of the business I leave to Perfessors, Schoolmasters, and all those in the same trade. But knowin' Pete Hoskyns as I did, and lamentin' with many others his recent demise, I take it upon myself to give to America and the surrounding continents the details of his short but undoubtedly Entertainin' Career.

For the first seven years of his life Pete was as ordinary a person as you or I Am. Barrin' that he was posthumous there was nothin' interestin' at all about the boy. He was chubby, dirty, and blessed with as good an appetite as anyone could desire. And I distinctly recollect that he used firearms as a child of six on a pal of his who made a mistake in bein' gone on the same girl as he was—and did damage, too. Which showed that Pete was quite normal. And as to his knowledge on cocktails and Such Intricacies, believe me, I will not speak.

Waal, then, it was on Pete's eighth anniversary of his birthday that his mother made a somewhat coorious discovery. Pete, you must know, was freckled. Not a freckle here and another there, but a mass of them all over his face. And his mother was washing him.

She came to my cabin that night in a state of some excitement, and remarked nervously:

"You won't believe me, David, I know, but it's the solemn truth I'm tellin' ye. When I was washing that boy of mine, Pete, this afternoon—bathin' him over with a sponge—I bathed off every one of the freckles from his face. I did, sure."

I looked hard at Mrs. Hoskyns, and then seeing how distressed she appeared, I smiled.

"Mary," I said, taking the cigar out of my mouth, "you was always a parnicious hard scrubber."

"I was washin' him quite gentle—I was indeed, David," she replied, "but they just came off with the water, quite nat'ral like."

"Then, Mary," said I, "I guess I'll be returning

I asked at every shanty in the settlement.

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with you to visit your dime-show phenomenon of an off-spring."

So I went across with her to see the child, and there, sure enough, was Pete, seated on a barrel rolling cigarettes, but divil a freckle on his face.

"You believe me now, David?" exclaimed Mrs. Hoskyns triumphantly. "You do, don't you?"

"Why, certainly, Mary," I replied, "unless my eyesight is failing."

But I confess that though this was only a beginning, I was honestly A Bit Scared.

Matters did not rest there, for during the next year there were unmistakable signs of the effect ordinary spring water produced upon Pete. There was no doubt about the matter at all, for Pete was just about as easily dissolved in water as you or I are not. To have given the child a bath would have been to have attempted murder on the boy, and once when he went out in a hail storm without an umbrella, he returned home with his face and hands dotted over with indentations, as though someone had been boring holes in him with a gimlet at Regular Intervals. Take my word for it, he looked queer.

He didn't seem to take his misfortune a bit to heart, and continued his pistol shooting and cocktail making with relish. As I once heard him say to a group of men who were standing in a circle around him:

"Guess, boys, there's no need to make a darned agitation over a trifling eccentricity like that."

Beside it, lookin' very disconsolate, sat a little boy.

But even he was annoyed at a slight accident that happened to him when he was drawing near his tenth year.

Pete's mother was doing the washing one day, being a good housewife as she was, and Pete was playing about in the garden throwing lassos over clothes props and tree stumps. After an hour or so of this amusement he must have strolled away into the road or Adjoining Environments, for Mrs. Hoskyns, calling to him from her washing tub, got no answer.

"Drat the boy," said she, "where's he got to now?"

But she went on with her work. After another hour or more, however, she began to think she had better look for the youth, so she wiped her hands on her apron and began searching. She searched through the house and the garden, and she went to the gate and shouted up the road and down the road; but there was no Petros. Then she came across to me to know if the boy had been there, but I just said to her:

"No, Mary, me dear, the boy's paid me no visit; but don't bother yourself, he'll turn up all right for lunch."

Unfortunately he didn't; so when Mary came across again, knowing her to be very attached to Pete, and knowing, too, that Pete would probably have a Financial Value to her as a side show when he grew up, I thought it would be better just to have a look for the lad myself. So I sent Mary away, and scoured the country round. I asked at every shanty in the settlement, and went into every back alley myself, and when I couldn't find the boy there, I went out into the country and had an afternoon of it hunting him. It was Killing Work, and when the day drew to a close and I had got no glimpse of the youth, I began to get really frightened, and to have a sincere sympathy for Mrs. Hoskyns. At last I determined to return, thinking perhaps the boy had got home some other way. On the road back I passed a pond of some small size, and beside it, looking very disconsolate and overcome, sat a little boy of about five years of age, and small for that, too. And beside him was a fishing-rod and tackle. I went up to the boy and spoke to him, thinking perhaps he might have seen Pete Hoskyns or might be able to throw Some Light on his whereabouts.

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"Tommy," sez I, noticing, as one notes small things at great times, how remarkably large his clothes were for him, "I calc'late you haven't set eyes on that yer Petros Hoskyns this afternoon, have ye?"

The boy looked up at me with great, sleepy eyes.

"David," sez he, after a mighty long pause, "who are you getting at?"

"I aint gettin' at no one," sez I, rather annoyed, "I simply asks you if you've seen Petros Hoskyns."

The boy looked up again very sadly, drew his coat sleeve across his eyes, and then gave an almighty deep sigh.

"I am Pete Hoskyns," he said finally, with a little gulp in his throat.

I opened my eyes pretty wide at this Astounding Statement, and then tried a hearty laugh. Somehow it wouldn't come and I found myself staring hard at the youth. Then things began to piece themselves together a bit, and I noticed a few facts. First of all I wondered why a boy should be wearing clothes five sizes too large, and then I looked at the pond and its one foot six of water, and then I glanced at the fishing tackle, and recognised it as the same I had given Pete two weeks before. And as this Avalanche of Circumstantial Details rushed upon me, I saw in a moment the whole truth, and turning my back on him, I put my hand up to my face and wept bitterly.

"Pete, Pete, my lad," I said, "whoever's been dilutin' you?"

He snuffled a bit and then sat down on a stone, crossed his legs and looked viciously at the pool of water in front of him.

"It's this way, David," he remarked, "I'd been playin' in the garden for an unconscionable long time when I thought I'd go out and try that yer fishin' tackle. So I brought it along here and began fishin'. Guess, David, I didn't catch many salmon, and affairs became so parnicious slow, I dozed right off and fell into the lake."

"Peter, my boy!"

"Waal, David, the lake ain't monstrous deep, but it were enough. When a man is afflicted; chemically afflicted, as I am, I tell yer it has an enervating effect to find himself slowly dissolving away. It takes the strength out of him—it does sure."

"It must be an Uncomfortable Sensation," I said.

"So when I was about as weak as a dormouse I began to get frightened. Luckily after I had dissolved away to about five years of age, I managed to clutch hold of a piece of stick and pull myself out; and—and—and here I am, David!"

Scores of times I've seen him pluggin' bullets into its depths just out of fair spite.

He finished up with a quaver in his voice that told me he had passed through a Bitter Experience, and I felt raal sorry for the boy. But not knowing what to do I just took him up in my hand and carried him home. And a score of times after that I've seen him standing in front of the pool, revolver in hand, plugging bullets into its depths, just out of fair spite.

Waal, Peter lived on and grew up again. Of course for years after that yer anecdote water and he weren't on speakin' terms, nor noddin' either, but the coorious thing was that after he had passed his twelfth birthday he seemed to lose his affliction and to become quite normal.

Let me pass on hurriedly. For such a long spell of years Petros had been insoluble that he grew to quite forget the time when water had such an Alarming Effect on him. Not that he rushed madly at the stuff, or did such foolish and senseless things as wash himself every morning, but still he grew to feel it was an enemy which had Temporarily Perhaps lost its power over him. Which doubtless lead to the distressing occurrence of the 14th October, 1889.

Petros was then about nineteen years of age and in all knowledge of the world old for his summers. He knew as much about horse dealing and pistol practice as most persons double his age. Waal, one night he was sitting in Hyam's saloon, imbibing various liquids, not including water, of which he had a decided abhorrence; and quite a lot of boys were there. Far as I can infer the talk must have veered round to Pete's solubility, and Pete must have declared in

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There they were, all four of them, standin' round the tub and gazin' meditatively in.

opposition to one of the boys that he was no more soluble than granite. Anyhow, I guess there was a bit of wagering on, and Pete staked four dollars he would lie in a bath for two hours and nothing would happen.

Waal, all the details being squared up, the party adjourned to a local bath-room, filled a tub with water and saw Peter safely in. Then they left the room, he locked the door on the inside, and the others sat on chairs without and Awaited Events. Nothing much happened for a time and the fellows kept shouting questions to Pete through the keyhole such as:—

"Are you soluble, Petros?" "Do you find yourself growin' younger, Pete?" "Are the cares of life slippin' away from you?" and so on. But Peter just shouted out "No!" to them every time and Sat Still. At last his voice seemed to be getting rather faint and the fellow who had backed Pete to be soluble was just mad with delight.

"Guess, Pete, you're dissolvin' fast."

"I'll let daylight through that door and you, if you talk any more nonsense!" answered Pete in a whisper.

So, knowing Pete's shooting capacities, those outside kept an almighty silence. At last, however, after an hour and a half had slipped by, and no sound came from the room, some of them began to get anxious and ventured another remark. Waal, you may think they were a wee morsel terrified when they didn't get no answer at all. Then they shouted a bit louder, and louder still, but Pete wasn't talking. So in a blue funk they held a consultation and decided to smash the door in.

I happened to pass by ten minutes later and don't want to see a more frightened set of men again. There they were, all four of them, standin' round the tub, gazing meditatively in. I asked a few questions and got to the right of the matter, and then I, too, examined the water. There wasn't much examination needed to reveal to me the awful calamity that had occurred. Poor Pete had dissolved right out of existence.

For the next half-hour these men were talkin' their heads off to think of some antidote to the disaster, but as for me I kept mighty quiet being almost Overcome With Grief.

At last, however, I pulled myself together and struck ile with a Glorious Idea.

"Boys," sez I, "ye brain-haired scallywags, I've solved the problem."

"You don't say so," they exclaimed.

"Why, certainly," I replied. "Evaporate that yer tin bath tub down till there isn't a drop of water in it, and you'll leave Pete as a residue!"

I never saw a set of men so taken with a notion before. They seized the tub in a moment, dangerously nearly spilling some of the water, and then they jammed it on the fire. For three long hours they stoked on coal, till the whole place was a fiery furnace.

Waal, if I had the pen of an E. A. Poe or a Tennyson I couldn't properly describe the delight we experienced at the result of the experiment. For there, sure enough, after we had driven the water off, lay Pete, precisely the same as before. He seemed a bit sleepy at first, but after I had shaken him and whispered "Cocktails!" he opened his eyes, stood up in the tub, and looked round at us all.

"Guess, boys," he said rather surlily, "I owe one of you men four dollars. Give us a cheroot, David."

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A HOME FOR THE SHABBY-GENTEEL.

AN ANCHORAGE FOR ARISTOCRATIC DERELICTS.

By A. Goodrich.

Photographs by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd.

The fierce competition waged under our present industrial system is no respecter of persons.

It tramples under foot the weaklings of the upper ten thousand as ruthlessly as it does those of the lower ten millions. Till recently the world was strongly of opinion that any ill-fortune attending those who happened to have been born, if not in affluence, at least in respectability, was entirely owing to vices which placed them outside the pale of human sympathy.

Many a broken-down gentleman, shrinking from the doss-house, has died of exposure in the streets, or ended his misery in the river. Knowing this, Lord Rowton, who is one of those rarities, a practical philanthropist, set himself the task of lessening as far as possible the sufferings of what might be termed the "Derelicts of Mayfair."

The Entrance just before 6 p.m.

"Why should not genteel poverty be provided with a home suitable for its slender finances?" he said. "Success does not always attend the deserving. Have not some of the noblest men and women who ever adorned humanity utterly failed in their allotted spheres of life? So much has been done for the submerged tenth that it is time the well-born were considered."

So in 1893 his lordship opened an hotel with accommodation for 475 guests. This was so successful that two years later another Rowton, this time in King's Cross Road, blossomed into existence. Lord Rowton thought that in these days of revived trade an additional 677 bedrooms would have satisfied the demand, but no. Even the gigantic Rowton recently opened for 805 guests at Newington Butts has been found so insufficient that a fourth at Hammersmith for 800 more is in course of erection.

All the Rowtons are popular, being quite as comfortable as any West End hotel; but probably because the one at King's Cross is far from Belgravia the patrons of this hotel are much more toney than at any of the others, although the Rowton at the Butts has outwardly a far more *distingué* appearance.

Indeed this hotel looks so palatial, that

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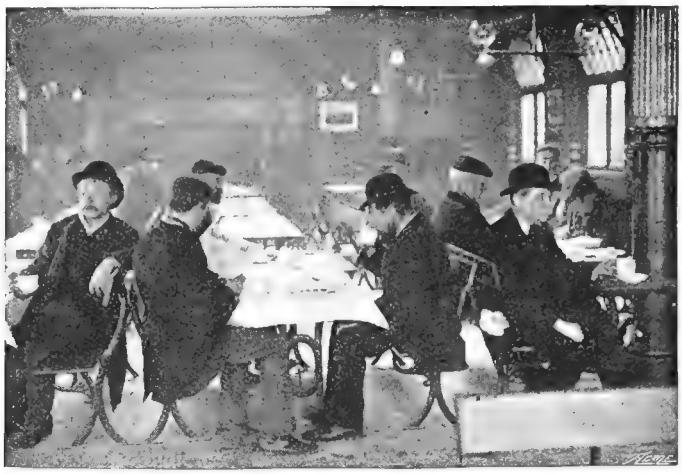


The Dining-Room.

but for the turnstile in the entrance few would guess that the charge for accommodation was only 6d. per night. Still the swells cling to King's Cross.

It is true that the little crowd, which assembles before 6 p.m. when the office opens for the sale of tickets, are mostly clothed in the penitential garb of poverty; but I soon saw when I took my place in their ranks some weeks ago that amongst my companions were many who had seen better days. As the hotel was full, I had to wait for the chance of some guest not requiring his bed that night.

Presently an extremely seedy individual approached the office window, and announced with great haughtiness that as he had been summoned home he should not require his bed any longer.

Another vacating guest was a gentleman with a moist expression of countenance, who, judging me to be a stranger, offered to sell his ticket for 6d. if I would stand him a drink.

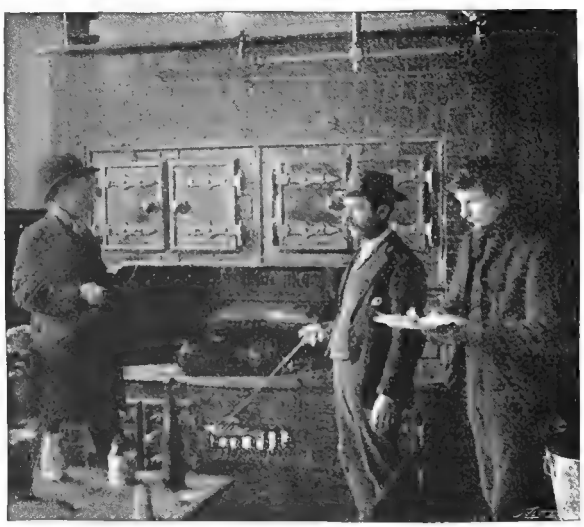
As I declined this offer, I had to wait till past 8 p.m. before I was able to cross the threshold.

The first thing I did on getting inside was to make my way to the dining-room. Here I found quite a number of people discussing supper. Cooked food can be had at the Rowton, but the rules allow those who prefer to do their own cooking to bring it in if they like. Although a number avail themselves of this privilege, the bars, as they sell a good article, do a big trade.

The reading-room is greatly patronised after ten, for by this time humanity, having satisfied its cravings, is ready for its newspaper. The spectacle of several hundred persons on the brink of starvation busily engaged in reading and discussing the affairs of the day without any reference whatever to personal embarrassments, struck me as extraordinary. The failures of life seemed a good deal more interested in public matters than in their own private concerns.

Before eleven o'clock I had solved one social mystery. If anyone wishes to know what becomes of those slaves of the counter who, on the approach of middle age, are turned adrift on the world, let him visit the Rowton. There are scores of faded shop assistants at the Rowton.

Truly a most motley gathering. An Army officer who offered me the *Pall-Mall* was once a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Guards. Another, a Victoria Cross man, but looking soddened with drink, and worn with exposure, for it is seldom, I am told, he is in a posit on to plank down 6d. at the turnstile, racing touts, artists, &c.



Each Individual may Cook his own Food if he likes.

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One poor fellow who greatly interested me had been a naval officer. He seemed in sad trouble. Scotland Yard had taken away his license for being drunk whilst driving his hansom, and had that day refused to renew it. He told me he loved the life of a driver.

Another character, the son of a Dean, is remarkable for the urbanity of his manners. When anything occurs, however, to annoy him his periods become tropical in their fervour.

A Colonial judge (retired) prefers selling articles in the street to envelope addressing.

There are plenty of broken-down barristers, architects, clerks, and the like, all of them, from one cause or another, being quite unfitted to fill positions suitable to their birth and training.

Where they go and what they do during the day I quite failed to discover. In the summer they probably spend the day in the parks, but how they kill time in the winter is not so clear.

Coffee, Cocoa and the Latest News.

I followed one very shabby piece of human wreckage one morning. He seemed intent on business as he left striding along with much briskness. But when he reached Holborn his pace slackened. Presently he took to looking in shop windows, and at last he pulled up at a street corner and gazed vacantly about him.

Owing to the accommodation provided being a good deal better than that procurable in lodgings, a good sprinkling of working men make the place their home, hiring their beds by the week.

As a rule the workers who patronise the Rowton are single, but I came across a couple who told me that they always stayed at the Rowton when they quarrelled with their good ladies at home.

To be quite candid bona-fide working men have to put up with a good measure of indignity at King's Cross; they have more money than their well-born companions, but that does not prevent their being regarded as inferior creatures and daring interlopers. On Saturdays they frequently wax defiant, but for the rest of the week they are humble enough. A working man isn't at this hotel long before he gets to understand that a great gulf exists between himself and the beggared gentry around him.

I saw one evening a cashiered colonel, drinking contentedly with a publican who had come to grief through a passionate admiration for professional billiard-playing, which led him to follow John Roberts all over the country; but I never saw this warrior in the company of a working man, although there were several who would have defrayed expenses for the honor of his society.

There are some who occasionally smile on the horny handed division, but they belong to the section whose thirst is of a permanent character.

One would think that new fangled schemes for the improvement of mankind would find staunch advocacy in the Rowton. When a man has touched the bottom, any change in his circumstances must be for the better. An anarchist and a socialist found their way there during my stay. Here was scope for propagation surely. Oh, dear, no. All the guests who took part in the politico-economic battle proved to be thorough going conservatives.

They hadn't anything to conserve. Society had pronounced them unfit and cast them out. Yet they were not only content to let things remain as they were, but they simply pulverised the arguments of the two social reformers. I shall never forget the scorn with which one of the combatants who had shattered his fortune by his fondness for yachting—asked the anarchist if he himself really believed the stuff he talked.

The most bigoted conservative at the

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A Corner of the Reading-Room.

Rowton is an old gentleman, 68 years of age, once captain in the Guards, but now a vendor of street matches. He will have a cup of coffee with you and say, as he raises the cup to his lips, "The Queen, God bless her, and death to the enemies of my beloved country." Let me here say that this old gentleman is not an exception. There are scores of well-born people at the Rowton who, poor as they are, never seem to forget what they have been. In many cases drink, in more sheer weakness of character, has wrecked them.

There are exactly eight broken-down swells at the King's Cross Rowton, who, although destitute of shirts, collars, and cuffs, still preserve a remnant of gentility by wearing gloves out of doors.

And are these much to be pitied folk happy? As far as I could judge, yes. That beneficent law of nature, adaption to environments, enables them to realise with unerring precision that life in this world is beset with such arduous responsibilities that the dazzling splendour of the sunshine of success is not to be compared with the refreshing coolness of the shade. They have their worries, of course, but they are not dragged at the chariot wheels of their own success.

During my stay I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who, after running through, in the course of three years, some £38,000—the sum his partners in an old-established business paid to be rid of him—has sunk to addressing envelopes for 3s. 6d. a thousand, a price which keeps him hard at work till 11.30 p.m. If the price were only 4s., he would be able to have a glass in the evening.

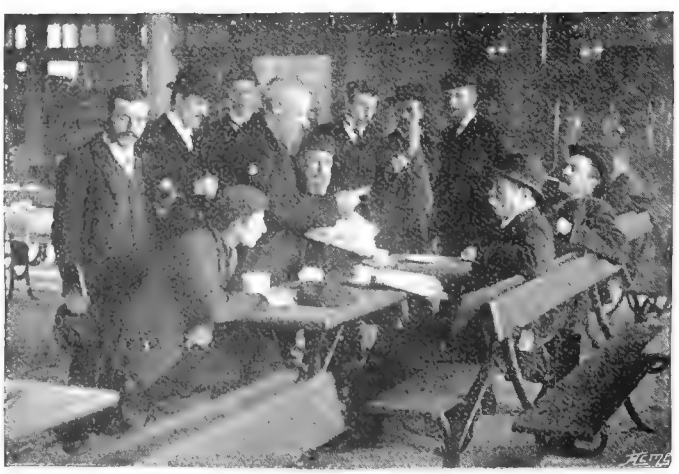
Another discontented mortal is a doctor, who once enjoyed a splendid practice in Bayswater. "There are nearly 600 people here and not one of them ill," he said to me one night. The fee of this reduced practitioner for consultation is 2d. and two pills, for a prescription 1d. extra.

Money so obtained is invariably squandered in drink. I saw him one wet evening offer to exchange a good, sound pair of boots, he told me his sister had sent him, for a worn-out pair plus a bonus of 4d. and two pills.

The purchaser was an extremely seedy but contented public-house exponent of phrenology, who, when at the bar, was famous for his powers of cross-examination.

The most discontented aristocrat I met at the Rowton was once a famous Civil Service coach, an Oxford prize-man, and a splendid classical scholar.

After winning 3d. or me by translating six pages of Horace without making one single mistake and working out the first sixteen



"I tell you, Salisbury knows what he's about."

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problems in Euclid, he proceeded to invest his winnings with the Rowton book-maker. This individual ten years ago was one of the leviathans of the turf. He still follows his old calling with the difference that he now has to be content with a 1d. book.

Rowton folk are very charitable. It is quite a common thing to see the hat passed round for an *habitué* who is minus his bed money.

Although the tariff is exceedingly small, a cup of excellent tea being only a halfpenny, and a good plate of roast meat 4d., there is plenty of grumbling. It is sheer ingratitude to rail against a place which enables a man to live in comfort for 10s. a week. Many thrive on a good deal less. The discontented ones will admit that a warm bath is worth 1½d., with soap and towel, that the place is well warmed, the spring bed and accessories first-class, and that the locker placed at the disposal of every inmate for clothes, etc., is a great boon. But they don't like having to deposit sixpence for the key, although the money is returned when they leave, and they think the restrictions as to smoking in the bed-rooms, paying for broken crockery, card-playing prohibited, and having to vacate their bedrooms by 9 a.m., very galling.

A Cubicle.

The public-room, they also say should not be closed so early as 12.30 on week-days, and 11.30 Sundays, and the bar for sale of refreshment should be opened all day, instead of at certain hours.

A broken down company promoter pledged me his word as a financier of experience that a concern which only gave six lumps of sugar for a halfpenny must be run solely for profit-making.

In this he was supported by a solicitor who, since he has been struck off the rolls, and run through two fortunes, his own and his wife's, has been compelled to write begging letters for clients at one penny each, and vend boot laces.

The persistency with which this old rascal pushes his laces once resulted in a reduced accountant losing his boots and his hat. He had purchased a pair of laces, and was putting them in his boots when he suddenly missed his hat which he had placed on the table beside him.

Greatly incensed, he rushed to the bar to lodge a complaint leaving his boots behind. When he returned he found these gone as well.

It is only fair, however, to state that the officials at the Rowton sample their patrons with such skill that robberies of any sort are extremely rare. Thieves would like to use Rowtons as they are not registered as lodging houses, but the society of the swells is too much for them.

One of the superintendent's duties is frequently to take charge of monies sent for the use of inmates whose connections would rather have them at the Rowton than at home.

The retired army men who live at the Rowton are the cleanest of all the guests. As far as I could judge, despite what the grumblers say the place is most excellently managed. The profits might be infinitely larger if the hotels were run on purely commercial lines, but they are not. Lord Rowton, his colleagues, and the able secretary, Mr. G. Burgess, do not regard Rowtons entirely as money-making concerns, but primarily as institutions for the benefit of those unfortunate individuals whose earlier and better days render the common lodging-house too rough for their use.

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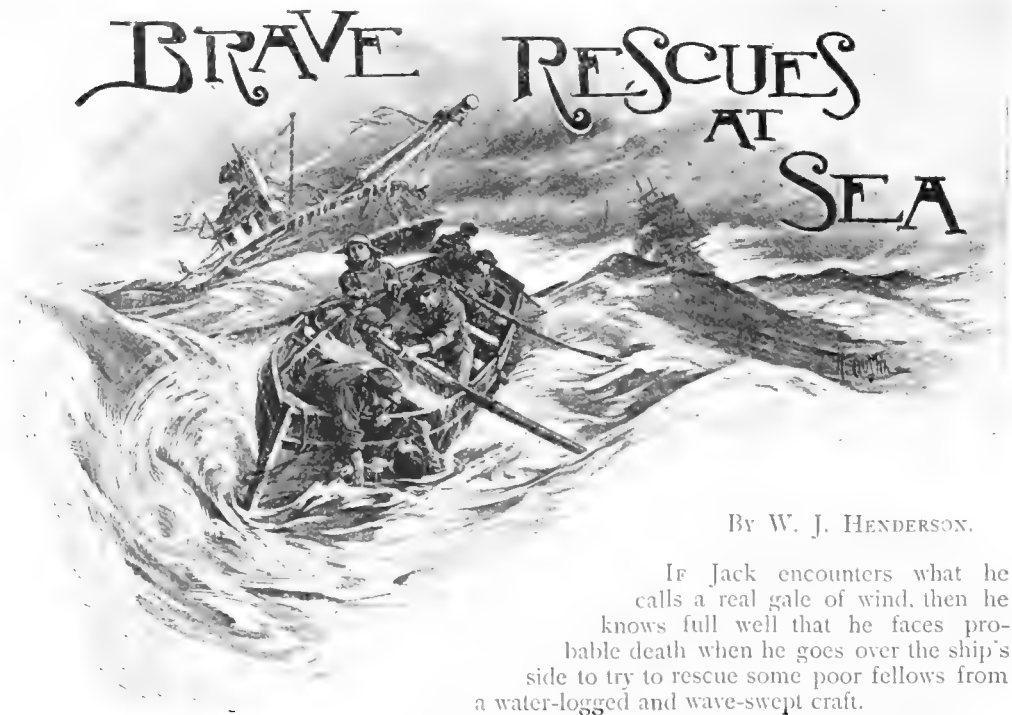
BRAVE RESCUES AT SEA



By W. J. Henderson.

If Jack encounters what he calls a real gale of wind, then he knows full well that he faces probable death when he goes over the ship's side to try to rescue some poor fellows from a water-logged and wave-swept craft.

His first danger is that his boat may be smashed by some huge sea against the ship's side, and be carried out of reach of help in the swirling rollers. If he succeeds in getting away safely, his boat may be swamped and that means certain death. If he reaches the vessel in distress, his boat may be dashed against her; or some of the wreckage from her decks may stave in his frail craft; and so death again awaits him. And if he succeeds in taking the people off the wreck, he must regain his own vessel; and here again he runs the risk of having his boat crushed against her side and losing his life at the very instant of success.

On January 21st, 1895, the three-masted schooner *Florence J. Allen* left Apalichicola for Philadelphia with a cargo of yellow pine lumber. A fair wind and a smooth sea brought joy to the heart of Captain John Eastman, master of the schooner. He was more than usually anxious for a safe and speedy voyage because his wife was with him. For six days the schooner worked very slowly but comfortably northward. But on January 27th Captain Eastman found a falling barometer, a solid sheet of driving gray for a sky, and an icy edge in the growing wind that swept over his weather bow.

With a sigh he gave the order to shorten sail, for already his schooner was beginning to thrust her long bowsprit deep into the advancing waves. The wind increased all day, and at nightfall was blowing a gale. The schooner was snugged down under storm canvas and hove to on the starboard tack. The wind still blew in force, and before morning it was blowing a winter hurricane.

The schooner began to labour heavily. Huge cliffs of writhing foam roared down upon her out of the grey gloom to windward. The upward leap of her bows, as the hills of water swept under her, was sickening.

There was something terrifying in the fearful plunges she made into the yawning chasms which followed the snowy summits of swirling white. Deeper and deeper became those inky pits; and as the wan light of the ghostly dawn stole up out of the pallid East, it showed the schooner burying herself to her foremast in the furious surges, while her wild leaps, which made her topmasts bend like whips, seemed like the convulsive starts of agony of a living, suffering creature.

The gale continued with unabated fury till February 4th, when the wind veered into the

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North-East, blowing with fresh vigour, and raising a terrific cross sea, which set the *Florence J. Allen's* timbers groaning in every joint. In the midst of this wild turmoil of the elements came the report that the vessel had sprung a leak. Her timbers could not stand the strain of this mad pitching, and somewhere a seam had opened. Every gallon of water which entered the hold added to the strain upon the timbers, as it was tossed about. On the next day the centre of the storm was over the schooner, and there was a spell of milder weather.

"Man the pumps!" was the order, one of the most disheartening orders to which a brave man has ever listened.

For twenty-four hours the *Allen's* crew, sobbing with the strain of the heart-breaking labour, kept the pump-brakes clanking. But the insidious danger under their feet grew in spite of them.

On February 6th the gale came on again with renewed force. Captain Eastman, well knowing that his schooner would not stand any further battle with a head sea, furled every stitch of his canvas, and let the vessel scud before the wind under bare poles.

On February 7th the *Allen* was almost full of water. Her deck load of lumber had torn loose from its lashings, and threatened the crew with instant destruction. With desperate courage the men got it overboard. In the struggle the helmsman was struck by a piece of timber and knocked down. The wheel being unattended, the schooner took a rank sheer on the underrunning sea and broached to.

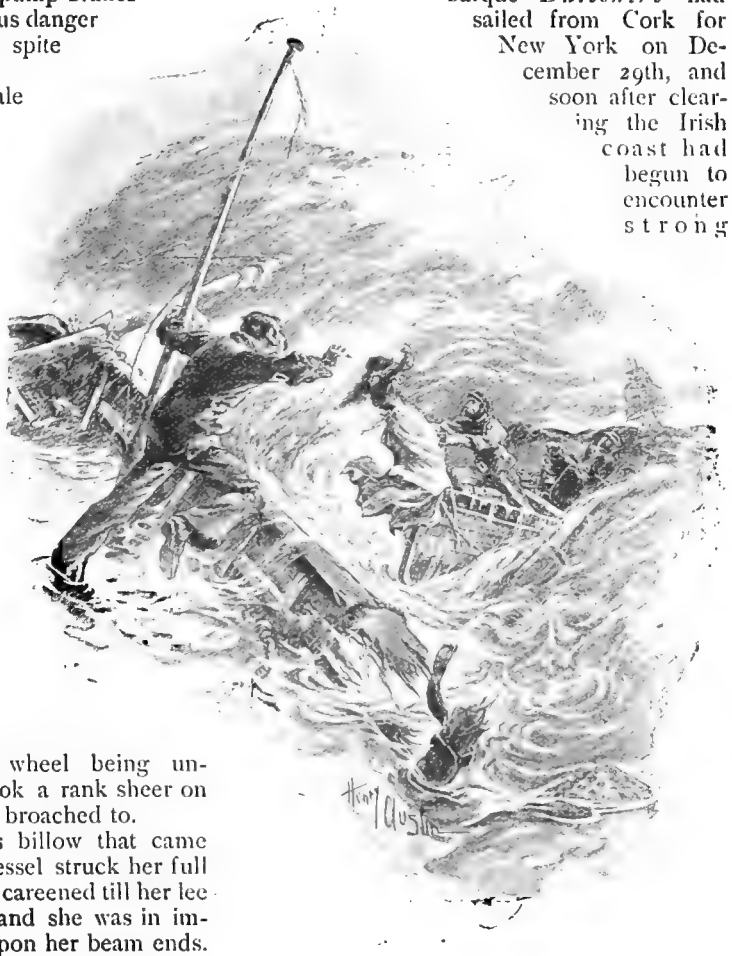
The next mountainous billow that came roaring down upon the vessel struck her full upon her broadside. She careened till her lee rail was far under water, and she was in imminent danger of lying upon her beam ends.

"Cut away the masts!" shouted Captain Eastman, springing towards the shrouds to assist in the work.

A few blows with the axe severed the weather shrouds of all three masts, which went overboard with a series of terrifying crashes. The *Florence J. Allen* was now a helpless wreck driving before the pitiless gale in a waterlogged condition.

For four days Captain Eastman and his wife, together with the members of the crew, had nothing to eat except a few bits of hard tack, and almost nothing to drink. They were forced to remain on deck, for they could not go below on account of the water in the schooner. Cold, hungry, and despairing, with a wreck under their feet and death momentarily expected, they were hurled along by the wild seas. No help was in sight, and in such a storm none seemed possible.

Meanwhile the Nova Scotian barque *Buteshire* had sailed from Cork for New York on December 29th, and soon after clearing the Irish coast had begun to encounter strong



He literally hurled her across the seething cauldron.

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westerly gales, veering to north-westerly. Her master, Captain Wyman, found that he could not hold his course, but was gradually driven off to the southward. On January 29th he found himself some eighty miles off Cape Hatteras.

The wild weather now abated somewhat, and the barque began to buffet her way under short canvas to the northward. But her progress was slow, for the wind still opposed the vessel and the sea was constantly vexed.

On February 4th, Captain Wyman's sights of the sun, taken from a staggering deck through swift alleys of flying clouds, showed him that the *Buteshire* was seventy-five miles to the southward and eastward of Sandy Hook. The wind was increasing in force, and before night the barque was once again under storm canvas. *In three days she succeeded in making five miles on her course*, and then a real hurricane of icy wind came pouring out of the north-west. The sea water was warmer than this cutting blast and so there was a fog of alarming density.

Captain Eastman left his vessel when all the others had gone.

Captain Wyman hove the vessel to under a goose-winged maintopsail, and with her rigging iced into unmanageable iron bars she drifted two hundred and fifty miles to the south. On February 11th, the gale abated somewhat, but it was still a gale, and it had been blowing so long that a furious sea was yet running.

In the middle of the forenoon watch a seaman sighted a spar protruding from the water, and when the *Buteshire* had come nearer to it Captain Wyman saw that it was the spanker of a schooner, and that there were persons huddled on the after deckhouse. It was the unfortunate *Florence J. Allen*, with which the *Buteshire* had thus fallen in. How the people aboard of her managed to stay there was a mystery.

Captain Wyman shook his head.

"It is facing almost certain death to attempt their rescue," he said, "yet we can't leave them there. Who will volunteer?"

Mate C. R. Grant and four seamen stepped forward. The captain shook their hands and bade them Godspeed. They lowered the barque's lifeboat into the sea with the greatest difficulty. The barque herself was lunging and reeling madly, and the onset of the waves was something terrifying. The seas had assumed a fearfully precipitous shape. Their advancing sides were almost as steep as those of breakers, and everyone of them curled over at the top in a roaring crest of smothering foam.

The chances were a thousand to one against the lifeboat. Yet those five brave men set about their task with coolness and resolution. Getting away from under the lee quarter of the barque, which momentarily threatened to smash their boat into kindling wood, they began to drop down toward the wreck. They rowed with their faces toward the bow of their boat, so that they could watch the action of the seas and save themselves from impending destruction by quick

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work. When they drew near the wreck, moreover, they were in this position better able to keep their boat from being dashed against her.

As they dropped down under the lee quarter of the wreck, a monstrous billow swept away one of the persons aboard of her. With desperate strength the *Buteshire* men whirled their boat around and forced it towards the struggling man, whom Mate Grant pulled out of the sea. Then they forced the lifeboat back again, pausing at a safe distance from the quarter of the wreck.

Captain Eastman, of the *Allen*, embraced and kissed his half-fainting wife. Then, seizing her round the waist and putting forth all his strength, he literally hurled her across the seething cauldron astern of the schooner into the lifeboat, where she was caught by Mate Grant. The eight seamen of the *Allen* jumped for their lives, some falling into the boat and some into the sea, but none being lost. Captain Eastman left his vessel when all others had gone. Half of the work of the rescuers was done.

Meanwhile the *Buteshire* had dropped down under the lee of the wreck, and once more Mate Grant and his four oarsman began the perilous passage between the two vessels, letting the lifeboat slip down stern first while they all faced the bows, not knowing at what instant a breaking billow might engulf them.

Going alongside the *Buteshire* was out of the question. The boat would have been stove in and sunk in an instant. Still rowing, almost exhausted by their terrific battle with the infuriated ocean, the volunteers got their boat close enough to have the rescued persons hoisted out of her with a tackle, and finally succeeded in reaching the barque themselves and hoisting in their boat.

Both captains and the seamen of both crews agreed that they had never seen a boat live in such a sea, and it was conceded that the volunteers had risked their lives at every moment during the work of rescue. And that is the story of a rescue at sea, in the face of natural dangers of the deep in their most appalling form.

It was in the fierce month of December, a few years ago, that the other rescue took place. On the first day of that month the English steamer *Coronation* sailed from Lisbon for Norfolk, Virginia. On December 10th, the German sailing ship *Prinz Heinrich* sailed from New York for Liverpool with a cargo of nine thousand barrels of naptha.

From the hour when she thrust her long flying jib-boom past the red hulk of the Sandy Hook lightship the *Prinz Heinrich* had evil weather, and Captain Knoop, who commanded her, would very gladly have put back to seek shelter in the Horseshoe, but the wind blew from that quarter, and drove him farther and farther to sea. On December 12th the gale, which was now blowing with hurricane force, suddenly whipped round from North-West to North-East. The *Prinz Heinrich* had been hove to on the port tack, and this sudden change of wind, taking her aback, snapped her masts off like so many pipe stems.

For a time the vessel was in imminent danger of being sunk by the pounding of her own wreckage against her sides. The crew worked with a will, however, and the spars were cut away. The rest of that day and all December 13th, the ship drove helplessly at the mercy of the furious wind.

Captain Knoop strove vainly to put some kind of a jury rig on her, and to heave her to behind a sea anchor. The morning of December 14th dawned with the vessel leaking and the gale increasing. The sea was breaking madly over the dismasted wreck, and it was with peril that anyone moved about her decks. At this juncture a pale-faced man rushed up from below, shouting,

"Fire!"

On a clear day and in a calm sea such a cry brings dismay to the heart of the stoutest seaman. In the midst of a yelling gale, with a sea running in which no ship's boat could live for a single moment, and with a ship laden with a terrible explosive, the horror of an alarm of fire becomes something beyond all imagination.

For a few seconds Captain Knoop's crew stared about wildly, and some of the men seemed on the point of throwing themselves into the sea. But with cheering cries the master of the vessel rallied them to their work. The hand pumps were manned, and a stream of water turned upon the blaze. The men worked with the energy of despair, but the flames slowly gained upon them. At this terrifying juncture a seaman forward screamed out in ecstasy:

"Steamer ho!"

The men could hardly believe their own eyes when they saw plunging wildly out of the writhing grey gloom to windward the black hull of a steamship. For an instant the men, who had felt their doom impending, were filled with joy, but in another moment they realised that it was a small steamer, that the seas were making a clear break over her, and

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that she was plainly in great danger of being overcome by the gale before which she was flying. There was no possibility that she could do anything to save them. Yet hope would not die in their breasts, and they waited.

On came the little steamer, hurled about like a yawl by the monster seas, and half buried beneath some of them. Would she drive past? That question was quickly answered. In spite of the fearful danger to be incurred by laying herself broadside to the seas, the little steamer rounded up half a mile to windward of the wreck. She was thrown nearly on her beam ends in doing so, but finally righted and rode head to the gale.

Captain Knoop had not been idle. He had rigged a flagstaff at the taffrail of the *Prinz Heinrich*, and he now ran up the international code signals meaning, "We are afire."

The little steamer answered, "Will lie by you till gale abates."

Captain Knoop then signalled, "Our cargo is explosive." He did that, brave fellow as he was, not as an appeal for immediate help, but as a warning to the steamer to keep off.

How do you think that little steamer answered? She dropped down to within three hundred yards of the wreck, and her crew hove overboard a large cask made fast to a hawser. Several buoys were bent to the hawser at various points. As it was paid out it drifted down toward the wreck.

The seamen aboard the *Prinz Heinrich* understood that this line was to be their only chance of salvation, and they feverishly watched its end approaching them. The little steamer drew nearer. Captain Knoop waved his arms in a warning appeal to her to keep farther off.

A pale-faced man rushed up from below shouting "Fire!"

But there were English hearts of oak on that little steamer, and no attention was paid to the gallant German master. As the line approached the German vessel, a column of smoke, the first that had appeared, shot up out of the aftermost hatch. Some of the German seamen uttered loud cries of dismay, and eight of them rushed madly to the rail and jumped into the sea. Two of these eight disappeared swiftly in the boiling waves, but six managed to get hold of the hawser or the buoys.

Before they did so, however, there was a sudden, deep, and appalling roar. A blinding sheet of flame rushed upward toward the grey sky, filled with huge fragments of the deck and timbers of the *Prinz Heinrich*. In the midst of this column of fire the body of the brave and devoted Captain Knoop was seen whirling. It fell into the sea and disappeared as the waters

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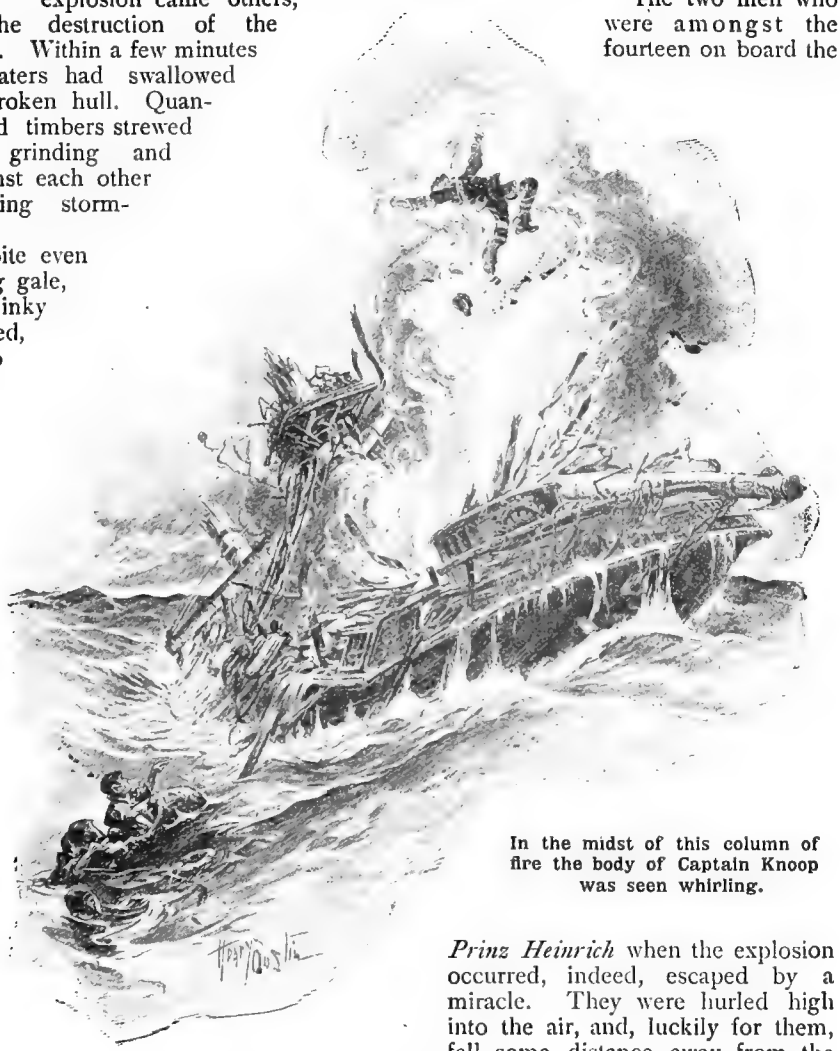
swept over the fragments of the shattered vessel.

Fortunately no material harm was done to the little steamer. Some of the burning timbers fell close to her, but none of the larger heavier fragments tumbled aboard.

It was a marvellous escape, for following the first terrific explosion came others, completing the destruction of the doomed vessel. Within a few minutes the greedy waters had swallowed the torn and broken hull. Quantities of charred timbers strewed the surface, grinding and smashing against each other in the seething storm-tossed waters.

Above, in spite even of the howling gale, a pall of inky smoke gathered, and seemed to hang.

The fierce gusts broke into it, tearing at it and bending it. Like a mass of soft substance it yielded, but refused to break. Gradually it trailed before the hurricane, then scudded with gathering impetus into the spray-drenched mist and was swallowed.



In the midst of this column of fire the body of Captain Knoop was seen whirling.

Fourteen members of the crew of the *Prinz Heinrich* were aboard her when she blew up. Two of them managed to reach the life-buoys from the little steamer, and these two were saved with the other six who had jumped overboard. The sufferings of the latter, short as they were, were terrible. Every moment they expected to be caught in the eddying whirl caused by the sinking of the shattered hull of the *Prinz Heinrich*. But the men fought desperately for their lives, gradually hauling themselves along the line. Time after time they were almost torn from their one hope of salvation. At length they succeeded in reaching the steamer after the most terrific exertions, and when taken aboard they were well nigh exhausted.

The two men who were amongst the fourteen on board the *Prinz Heinrich* when the explosion occurred, indeed, escaped by a miracle. They were hurled high into the air, and, luckily for them, fell some distance away from the wreck into the sea. They were quite uninjured and were thus enabled to swim to the little steamer's life-buoys.

All the rest perished, being either blown to pieces or crushed in their fall upon the wreck after being hurled high into the air. The little steamer outlived the gale and landed the rescued men at Norfolk. That little steamer was the *Coronation*, and her master was Captain Henry Burchard.

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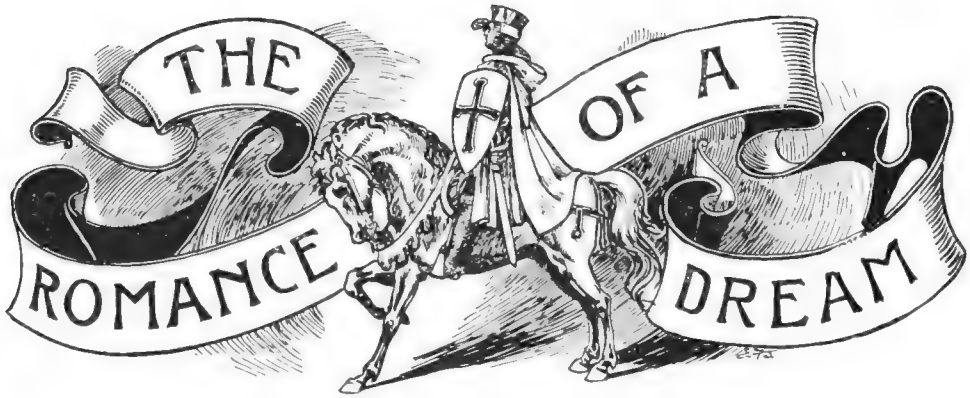

By W. Bassett-Hastings.

"My rooms in the Inner Temple" sounded well, no doubt, but, like many more high-sounding phrases, could mean much or little. In my case, alas! it meant distinctly little.

"One attic and a moderately large cupboard" would have been a far more honest, if less high-sounding, description of the little corner in which Edgar Vaughan and I were wont to toil from morn until far into the night in the endeavour to cajole a living out of that most fickle of fickle mistresses—Literature.

"Into the details of that incessant and heart-breaking toil it is not now my purpose to enter. It would interest nobody else, and in my own case would only recall the memory of times that, I hope, have long since gone for ever—for both of us. Suffice it to say, that a common adversity had, so to speak, made us bed-fellows; whilst our community under the same had rapidly cemented in us a friendship the ultimate results of which are still far beyond mortal ken.

"And thus it came to pass that, having for once in a way knocked off work at eight o'clock in honour of Christmas Eve, we donned pipes, extinguished the flame of our solitary lamp for economic reasons, and, drawing up to the cheerful fire—our sole luxury—gave ourselves up to the pleasurable contemplation of those wonderful aerial castles the materialisation of which had so far been denied us.

"Funny thing, is life; I'm pretty well sick of it," presently remarked Vaughan, abstractedly gazing into the depths of the glowing coals.

"My dear fellow," cried I, involuntarily starting at the hollow despair which rang in his tone, "what on earth makes you talk like this?"

"Don't alarm yourself, old chap," laughed he, a flash of the old humour suddenly animating the slumbering depths of his fine eyes. "There's no cause for anxiety, I can assure you. One more fellow off the hooks won't make much difference one way or the other in this crowded trade of ours, and, present company always excepted, I don't know but that I shall not benefit by the change."

"Good heavens, man!" cried I, thoroughly roused by this time. "You talk as if the whole business was a *fait accompli* instead of some beastly little bacilli crawling about over your liver and making you as morbid-minded as a coroner's officer."

"Laugh away, Winslow; you always were a sceptic, I know," replied he. "You orthodox fellows always are. You do not understand me. Indeed, I cannot say that I always rightly understand myself," added he, slowly refilling his empty pipe and drawing a few long puffs from it in the abstracted manner of one whose thoughts are far away from his occupation.

"The fact of the matter is, Winslow," added he presently, "I am nothing more or less than a half-caste gipsy rover, with all the Romany love of the forgotten arts; and if that is not sufficient to account for any wildness in me I don't know what is."

"And you wish me to believe that, somehow or other through your Romany ancestors, you still retain the powers of an Eastern necromancer within the limits of that stout English body of yours," said I with, I am afraid, but ill-concealed scorn.

"Not at all," retorted he. "I have no wish to proselytise, and I do not particularly mind whether you believe it or not. *I know* that some of the queer old powers still lurk within me, and that is sufficient. Because other

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people cast discredit upon it makes no real difference to the fact. Indeed, could I only be certain how it would all end, I should be inclined to give you such a proof of my words as would last you to your dying day. It would be simple enough and perfectly harmless to you. Beyond that I can tell you nothing except that, if it come to pass, it will only be the means of carrying out a very dear wish of my heart concerning one of my few remaining friends," and, as he laid his hand upon my shoulder, his voice faltered for a moment, and to my amazement I saw that the eyes of my philosophic friend were looking suspiciously moist.

"My dear fellow," replied I, echoing something of his own emotion, "I quite appreciate your sincerity, although I am no less positive that nothing will ever bring me to believe in the existence of your telepathic and generally spookified friends."

"I may take it that you are prepared to risk things?" said he.

"Yes."

"Then look at me."

"Well?"

"Can you see anything peculiar in my face?"

"No."

"Look harder. Is there anything now?"

"No. At least—only your eyes are getting bigger and bigger. Don't look at me like that—it makes me——"

And then I think I must have gone to sleep.

When I awoke I was no longer in the grimy garret.

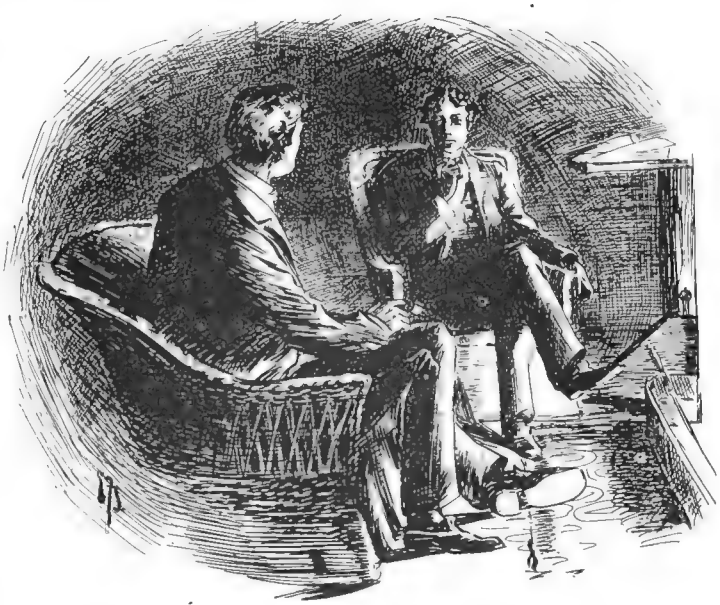
Instead I found myself clad from head to foot in a suit of thirteenth century chain armour. Upon my head was a cumbersome steel helmet, from my shoulders depended a long white cloak across which a blood-red Maltese cross proclaimed to the world at large that I was sworn to the holy crusade. A huge, triangular shield and cross-hilted sword, which hung from my side, furnished ample evidence of the means by which I intended to vindicate the cause of Christendom upon the person of the infidel. I was, in fact, as forbidding a specimen of a Knight Templar as ever slashed at a benighted Paynim.

I found myself lying stretched out upon the burning surface of the Syrian desert vainly endeavouring to snatch a mid-day siesta in the broiling heat. My armour, half filled with the irritating sand particles that persisted in insinuating themselves into every point of my harness, was only one whit less comfortable than my throat and tongue, which burned with the unquenchable thirst engendered by the tropical sun.

As I lay there in the little shade thrown by my good war-horse, that stood so patiently by my side, I became conscious of the more rapid enlargement of a cloud of dust the approach of which I had been watching for some time. It was, as I had suspected, thrown up by a little party of horsemen.

As they approached nearer, the gayness of their trappings and the diminutive stature of their mounts was sufficient to identify them as the followers of that Saladin to the defeat and dethronement of whom I, in common with the rest of my order, had especially pledged myself.

Clearly then there was but one course for me to pursue. Turning to my faithful steed I tightened up his girths and lifted myself wearily into the saddle. Thence I gazed upon the oncoming party with feelings which were as cheerful as could be expected in one who views the swift descent upon him of certain annihilation.



"I may take it you are prepared to risk things?" he said.

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For although I made no doubt that, man to man, my stout lance and trusty steed would be fully equal to the whirling scimitar and scraggy little pony of any one of my adversaries, I had still sufficient regard for the law of numbers to recognise impossible odds when I saw them.

As the party approached nearer I saw that it consisted of some twenty horsemen. At their head rode an elderly man who, from his flowing white beard and distinctive apparel, I judged to be a sheik among them. In the centre of the little group was a closed litter, in which no doubt there reclined one or more members of the sheik's harem.

Presently, at a word from the sheik, a couple of horsemen detached themselves from the main body and came tearing over the dusty plain towards myself. Seeing, from my couched lance and expectant attitude, that I had no intention of tamely yielding myself to their superior force, they wheeled their little chargers about and, uttering their barbaric war-cry, bore down upon me simultaneously from either flank in the hopes of disconcerting my defence.

Speedily realising the import of their move, I singled out the right hand of my opponents, and, with lance in rest, drove full tilt at him. The weapon caught him just as I had intended it should, and he rolled over in the dust with an ugly gaping wound in the thorax, such as I knew would require all the subtle art of Eastern surgery to make whole again.

I had barely time to turn my charger's head when the second horseman was upon me. Warned by the fate of his comrade, he kept carefully clear of the keen lance-point, and piloted his spirited little animal in and out of the reach of my more solid mount with a dexterity that, considering the heavy nature of the ground upon which he had to manœuvre, surprised me not a little.

For a time, so quick were his movements, that I was unable to reach him at all, notwithstanding that his keen-edged little scimitar several times whizzed within unpleasantly close proximity to my face. Then, seeing that my heavier weapon I was wielding my huge two-edged sword—was apparently powerless to reach him, he gradually became more venturesome. The inevitable result was that, finding him presently come well within my sweep, I immediately launched out with all my strength and clove him right down through the skull to the jawbone.

At this there arose a sudden chorus of execration from the main body of the Paynims, and simultaneously a dozen horsemen sprang forward and rode at me in a body. Being no Munchausen, I was speedily unhorsed, beaten to the ground, and hauled captive before the sheik, who, it appeared, felt some little curiosity as to the personality of the strange white warrior who had thus overthrown two of his most valued servants before his very eyes.

His curiosity, such as it was, soon gave place to wrath, however, upon my declining to furnish him with the information he required of me respecting the exact strength and disposition of the noble Order to which I belonged. Time after time he returned to the charge, alternately wheedling and raving as I persisted in my refusal. At length his little remaining stock of patience was exhausted, and he stood glaring at me the picture of baffled rage as he pondered over my impending fate.

He was not long in making up his mind. In the East it is but a narrow thread which divides Life and Death, and my fate did not tremble long in the balance. A sign from the sheik, and in a moment I was forced to my knees, my helmet was torn from my head, the buff jerkin which protected my skin from the chafing of my coat of mail was slit down the neck, and I was kneeling with bared head and neck beneath the sword of the executioner.

It was all done so suddenly that I literally had no time to take in the situation before I felt the cold, bright steel laid lightly across my warm neck as the swordsman judged his aim.

Then, all in a moment, as the blade was raised to its highest for the fatal stroke, there came a stifled cry from the litter. The curtains were suddenly parted asunder, and the figure of a young girl sprang lightly across the intervening sand, and, throwing herself across my bared neck, seemed to implore the grim old sheik to spare my life.

Then ensued a scene the memory of which I shall retain to my dying day. Just what she said and just how he replied will ever be a mystery to me, for she spoke a different language to the Paynims, and the sheik answered her in her own tongue. The sense of it all, however, was easy enough to gather from the gestures of the two.

Instinct told me that this slip of a girl, whose warm, rounded arms were clasped so protectingly round me, and whose fast beating heart throbbed so tumultuously against my burning temples, had taken upon herself to plead for my miserable life with this inexorable old son of the desert. For his part,

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accustomed as he undoubtedly had been from his youth up to scenes of bloodshed and violence, the sheik was evidently unable to gather from her entreaties any just cause or impediment as to why his sovereign will should not immediately be carried into execution by the performance of a similar ceremony upon my own unfortunate person.

Long and spiritedly did they speak together; he, alternately foaming and subsiding, she, ever steadfastly pleading for something which instinct told me must be my own unworthy self. Thrice, at a word from their chieftain, did his men attempt to tear us asunder; and as often did she cling to me with a tenacity which, surprising as it was in one so slight, effectually precluded all idea of separating us without the employment of violence such as even these Mahommedan dogs found themselves loath to use upon the person of so fair a daughter of Eve.

For, although the closely fitting veil which she wore prevented my gazing upon her features, the glimpse which I had caught of her dark flashing eyes, the musical rhythm of her pleading voice, the curling locks of glossy black hair which fell in a jetty aureole about her shapely shoulders, the lithe, agile form, and the rich warm colouring of her rounded arms and queenly little instep, could, I felt sure, belong to no ordinary humdrum daughter of the Prophet such as those we had encountered on our landing at Joppa and Ascalon.

At length, after what seemed years of suspense, the sheik's tones gradually began to moderate somewhat. Seeing this, my fair unknown redoubled her entreaties forthwith; with the result that presently, and simultaneously with a few gutteral grunts from the sheik, she loosed her protecting arms from about my neck, my quondam executioner stepped back and sheathed his glittering blade, and, with an evil twinkle in his cunning little eyes, my patriarchal judge bade me arise and hearken to his words.

"Son of the unknown lands which are toward the setting sun," said he, as, half dazed by the conflicting events of the last few moments, I scrambled to my feet. "This woman hath begged thy life of me, for the love I bore her mother Ursa the Egyptian. I know not why she thus urgeth thy cause; for the ways of women are inscrutable as the waters under the earth whence spring the desert fountains. Nevertheless, her request hath prevailed with me. Thou art free to go—but upon a condition.

"Mount thou thy war steed and get thee hence toward yon hillock, which lieth just without bowshot of this place. And it shall come to pass that when thou shalt arrive yonder, my young men shall loose their shafts at thee until either thou art stricken and perish or shalt altogether have escaped out of their reach. And this woman, who has so shamelessly chosen thee before those of her own race, she shall surely be thy partner in this venture. Wherefore mount her before thee upon thy steed and get ye both hence while I am yet of a mind to let you go."

She implored the grim old sheik to spare my life.

A moment later, with one arm supporting the now trembling figure of my quondam protectress, I was galloping madly over the desert in the direction indicated by the sheik. It was a race for life, and I meant to make the most of my opportunity. But, foremost before all thoughts of foemen's shafts, who was my preserver? "Might I not behold her?" I asked her as much.

For answer she slowly raised her veil, and

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A quivering shaft has lodged deep in her gentle breast.

gazed at me with a pair of wonderful dark eyes that sent a strange, indescribable thrill through me as they looked into my own.

How was it?—where was it?—when was it, that I had seen those eyes before? In vain I asked myself, in vain I tried to recall some long-forgotten incident in which they had once played a part, and which just as often refused to be recalled.

And now—almost before I had time to take in the glorious dark beauty of those lovely features, to mark the rich, warm olive of the cheek, the perfect mouth and teeth, the delicate shell-like ears and arching brows—we were abreast of the hillock which marked our limit of safety. A hasty glance over the shoulder showed the Paynims setting spurs to their active little steeds and fitting shafts to their bows against the moment they should come within bowshot.

On! On, good steed! Much now depends upon thy fleetness. But the double weight on the soft sand suits thy stubborn British breed but ill, and the Paynims gain upon us apace.

And now the first shaft whizzes past to bury itself deep in the sand ahead of us. Another and another follow, the last glancing harmlessly off my helmet, and I draw my charge still more in front of me that I may shield her as far as possible with my own mail-coated body.

Whizz! whizz! They are coming more frequently now, and one ploughs up the side of poor Challenger's neck, and makes him plunge and curvet with the sudden pain.

Ah, fatal shot! Before I can coax him straight upon his course again, there comes a dull, sickening thud. A little cry escapes the lips of my charge, and my heart sickens within me as I look down to see that a still quivering shaft has lodged deep in her gentle breast. There is just the flicker of a smile, the parted lips, raised half-way to my own, close with a little sigh, and—she is gone.

I am just conscious of bending forward over her lifeless form, of clasping her to my breast and raining passionate kisses on that marble brow, when a sharp, shooting pain, like the stab of a red-hot dagger, darts between my shoulders, and I can thank heaven that in death we are not to be divided.

I clasp her yet the more closely, and raise myself in the stirrups to hurl one last, proud defiance at the foe. Then my brain reels, the light is all blotted out, and, clasped in each

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others' arms, we fall together—down—down—down!

* * * * *

I awoke with a start.

Where was I? What had I been doing? Was this Death—or what?

For several moments I was unable to sufficiently collect my thoughts to conceive a reasonably lucid answer to my own unspoken questions. Then, as my eyes became gradually accustomed to the dim light, and I began to make out surrounding objects, it suddenly flashed across me where I was.

Of course; how stupid of me, to be sure, to forget myself in this manner. This was my attic in the Temple. There, yonder in the dark corner, was my bed. There, by my side, was the table, with the usual pile of half-finished MSS. strewn all over it. And there, opposite me in the big armchair, that must be the philosophic Vaughan, still idly dreaming the happy hours away.

"Now then, wake up, old chap," I cry. "It's Christmas morning, and you haven't had a shave for three whole days. Hi! Vaughan, old man," and I get up and shake him by the shoulder.

"What a heavy sleeper he is. So quiet, too—doesn't make a sound, does he? So very quiet—and I search for his hand, to pinch it.

"Ah—ah—ah! Ugh!"—and I spring hastily back from him and begin to hunt feverishly for the matches. What is it?—where are they? Shall I never find them? Ah! there they are. Now then—steady—that's it. Now, where's a candle? Gently—that's right, it burns nicely. And now to look at him—or can it be—*at it*.

And, as the first rays of the guttering candle light up the face of my dear old chum, my heart tells me the answer that my tongue dare not utter.

Our partnership has been dissolved, and against the Dissolver there is no appeal.

* * * * *

It was the day after the funeral, and, half-dazed with the events of the previous week, I sat vainly endeavouring to pen a comic pot-boiler—ah, the grim irony of it!—for a paper to which I was a regular contributor.

Outside, in the square below, the wintry sun lit up with its feeble ray the groups of fur-becloaked gentry, whose cheery greetings as they passed each other echoed and re-echoed along the silent Temple Court. For it was New Year's Day, and even the grim solitude of the Inner Temple is not proof against the sentiments which are prompted by that glad anniversary.

Inside the bare, dismal garret, looking, if anything more cheerlessly wretched than ever, now that its other chair stared me, tenantless, in the face, I sat and, as I have said, tried to think of other things. To work, in fact, and to forget.

Yet the memory of my lost companion haunted me. Community in suffering had resulted in a rapid friendship between us. We first met outside the sanctum of a well-known publisher who had rejected our scribblings. He was, I soon learnt, uncomfortable in his own diggings, so he moved, at my earnest request, over to mine. From that day to the day of his death I learnt practically nothing further about him if I exclude the fact, of which he himself apprised me, that with the exception of his sister, who was a nurse in one of the great provincial hospitals, he was possessed of absolutely no friends or relations in the world. Immediately after hearing the doctor's verdict, I had posted one of the two packets which lay upon the table beside the dead man. But, strange to say, she had neither written nor replied in person to my accompanying letter announcing her brother's death. The other packet, which was addressed to myself, contained his will and a brief note in which he took a characteristic farewell of me. After giving a few minor directions as to the disposal of his books and MSS., it concluded in these words:—

> . . . You will have guessed ere this that your sleep on Christmas Eve was not a natural one, and you will be right. I mesmerised you for two reasons. Firstly, in order to avoid what I feel would have been a very painful leave-taking—for I am determined to put an end to my utterly worthless existence, and shall do it in a way that will baffle the most scientific post-mortem. The second reason I shall not tell you. You must discover it for yourself, and if in after years it shall be the means of cheering your darker hours and comforting your declining years you may, perhaps, then remember and forgive that philosophic suicide.
>
> EDGAR VAUGHAN.

Such was his farewell. The exact cause of his death remains a mystery to this day. The doctor I called in, a young medico fresh from his "final," took in the situation, at a glance.

"It was a clear case," said he. "The position of the body and the general development of the patient clearly confirmed his initial diagnosis of "failure of the heart's

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action;" and he sat down there and then and wrote out a certificate accordingly.

As for me, I just sat still and said nothing. For it suited me far better that my poor friend's remains should rest in peace rather than that they should be ruthlessly hewn, opened and divided up in a post-mortem search for a poison which very possibly existed only in my own fevered imagination. Besides, given the suspicion of poison, and my own part in the matter might be deemed considerably more than that of the mere spectator I had actually been.

And so I was voiceless, although many a time since I have wondered how that silent tragedy was compassed. Was that same iron will which so easily mastered my own, sufficient of itself to command the destruction of its earthly shell; or did he, by virtue of his Romany descent, possess the key to one of those long forgotten poisons which, as deadly in their action as they were difficult to trace, played such sad havoc with European and Asiatic history in the dark days of the Middle Ages?

That question will never be answered now. The secret of it lies deep buried in the grave of Edgar Vaughan; but the remembrance of it will ever be a living thing so long as I have life and memory.

There sat the same dark-eyed girl

And now to hasten to the strange sequel with which this brief history must terminate.

I was still musing upon the events of the last few days, when somebody knocked at my door.

"Come in," cried I wearily, as I recalled the fact that our landlady's bill was still far from being satisfactorily settled.

But it was not the garrulously obese form of that estimable female that met my gaze. On the contrary, the closely veiled, slim little figure clad in deepest mourning which stood upon my attic threshold could, I was convinced, belong only to a lady bred and born; and, hastily apologising for my unintentional remissness, I invited her to enter.

"Are you Mr Winslow?" said she, in a voice which, from its wonderful similarity of inflection, could only belong to the sister of Edgar Vaughan.

I bowed.

"I need not ask your name," said I gently, as she sank into my proffered chair. "I could have recognised you out of a hundred from your voice alone."

"Ah, poor Edgar. We were always considered very much alike," replied she. "How I wish I could have seen him once more. But it was not to be. I was away on a brief holiday when your letter arrived at the hospital, and I only returned late last night after the funeral."

"Will you not remove your hat and jacket whilst I get you his papers," said I, moving to the desk in which Vaughan kept such of his treasures as had escaped the clutches of the money lender.

"Thank you, it will be sufficient if I turn up my veil," replied she suiting the action to the word.

And at that simple movement I just gave one great gasp and fell all of a heap into my chair. For there, a little paler, perhaps, and looking not a little surprised at my strange conduct, *there sat the same dark-eyed girl with whom my former self had perished seven long centuries before upon the burning plains of the Holy Land!*

* * * *

She is my wife now, and has been this many a day. And so it is that poor Vaughan's unspoken wish has come to be fulfilled. There is, too, a junior partner in the firm, who, after the manner of juniors, makes at present far more noise than he does work. But we do not check him, for his silent times, his years of work, are yet to come.

We agreed to call him Edgar, and he has just those same wonderful eyes with which his mother first looked into my heart, and won it for her own those centuries before.

Would we dissolve our partnership? That is a question best answered, perhaps, by my constant prayer, which is that when the great Dissolver shall see fit to part us, it may be His good pleasure that I, the senior partner, should be the first to go.

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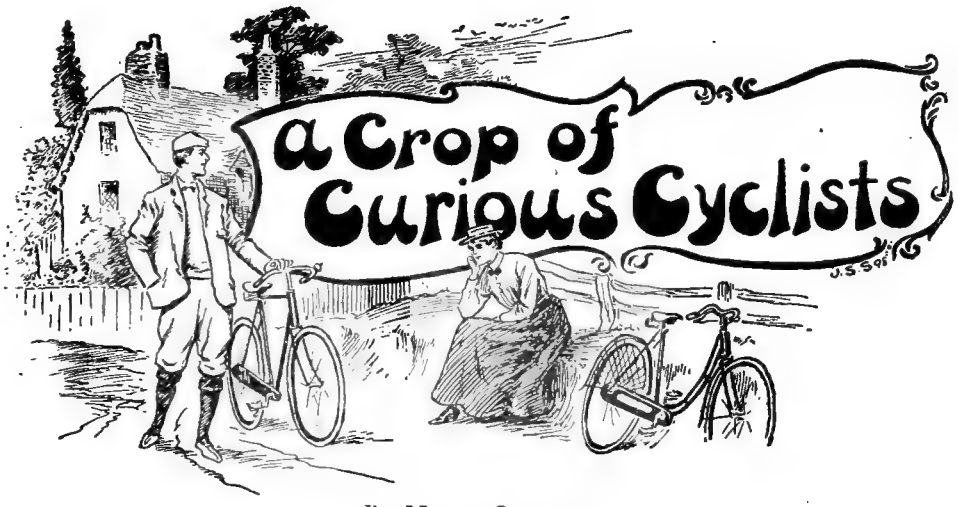

A Crop of Curious Cyclists

By Mulvy Ouseley.

Careful to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of certain riders, items about whose personalities appear in this article, I have, in one or two instances, left out details that would. if given, lead to identification, This step has been taken at the express wish of the parties concerned.

There are many lovers of the wheel whose physical infirmities render them, as it were, a distinct class among themselves; but while these wheelwomen and wheelmen are denied perfection in physical outline, and their opportunities for public display are necessarily limited, their enthusiasm, nevertheless, in all things pertaining to cycling is as keen as that of the most ardent follower of the pastime.

Mr. C. Brown, of Miles Platting, Manchester, has only one arm, yet he rides through the most crowded thoroughfares of Manchester.

This young lady lost a lower limb in a railway smash. She has a cork leg, which rests on a swing pedal, yet she rides well.

The case of Miss Alice Dent Smith is instructive. This is a pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed young lady, now in her twentieth year, hailing from the district of Gramsden (a village in Hunts), who, nine years ago, was in a railway smash, in which she sustained the loss of a lower limb. Since the accident, however, Miss Smith has not been prevented from participating in certain outdoor games; indeed, she has on more than one occasion surprised her friends by her remarkable agility considering her infirmity; but great was their consternation when, in 1896, during the cycle craze, she

Mr. Boyle, a boiler inspector, was examining a boiler when it burst, killing one man and tearing off seven of the rider's fingers.

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A L. & N.W.R. foreman, who met with an accident, not on the railway but on an omnibus. He is minus a foot, his leg is stiff, and his spine is injured.

begged her father to buy her a bicycle. It was not long ere the sprightly maiden mastered the intricacies of the wobbling machine, and her present complete control of it under all circumstances is a tribute to her parents' indulgent generosity.

She is a keen and hardened rider. The lady has a cork leg, and when she goes out for a spin, this false leg rests comfortably on a swing pedal, the right foot and leg being made to do all that is necessary to propel the machine. She wears a longish, rather narrowly-cut, gown over a bloomer costume, so that the fair rider may pass you on the road without your hardly noticing anything remarkable about the turnout save that it is smart and that the lady rides slowly.

Another remarkable personage is Mr. Charles Brown, of Miles Platting, Manchester. This gentleman has only one arm, but he is a devoted cyclist, and sufficiently expert to be able to guide his machine through the congested streets of Cottonopolis with perfect fearlessness.

Mr. John Boyle, of Portsmouth, is forty-eight years of age, a boiler inspector, who, five years ago, was in the act of examining a boiler at a factory when it exploded, killing one man on the spot and tearing off several fingers of my friend's hands, besides inflicting other and more serious injuries upon various parts of his person. Altogether, he is minus some six or seven fingers, but this infirmity in no way mars the immense pleasure he derives from cycling, nor has he once come to grief on his machine, although he has every chance of doing so, since he has so few digits to respond to his call.

Photo by A. and C. Hipp.

Mr. Robinson, of Wolverhampton, lost his leg through an accident, yet he is an enthusiastic cyclist. He always carries his crutch, in case of being obliged to dismount.

Photo by R. W. Thomas.

Claims the 100 mile amateur record, which he made on August 30th, 1891, when he rode the distance in 8½ hours on the ¾in. solid machine which appears in the illustration.

Tom Roberts was a fireman on the London and North-Western Railway, but he met with an accident, strange to say, otherwise than on the line. He was riding in Wolverhampton on a 'bus, seated next the driver, when he fell

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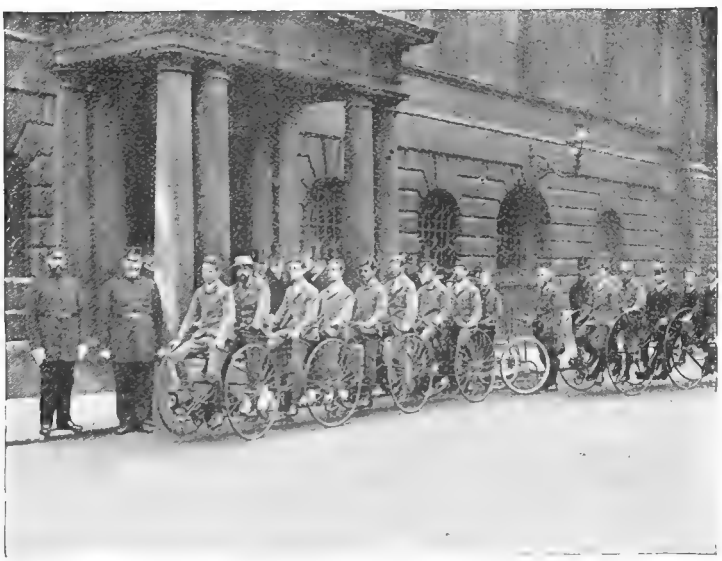
The "Express," the cycling machine of the Royal Normal College for the Blind at West Norwood. There are twelve riders, and the occupant of the second seat steers. Curiously enough, the last seat is the worst.

off, getting jammed between the 'bus and a vehicle which was at the moment passing in the opposite direction. He narrowly escaped instant death, but he came out of the catastrophe minus a foot and with a peculiar injury to the spine, which has permanently contracted the muscles of the neck, causing the sufferer to appear with his head tilted backward. Although labouring under this physical disability, he is, nevertheless, a good rider. Nor is this all; there is a rigidity of the joints of the same leg which is minus the foot, which necessitates his having a swing pedal on his machine to rest it upon. Movement of the body is, of course, curtailed on account of the stiffness of the neck and shoulder muscles, so that pace, endurance, and long distances are denied him.

Mr. Robinson, of Northampton, many years ago met with an accident, necessitating the amputation of a leg. There are few men in Northampton better known than he, as in the capacity of secretary to a local organisation, which looks after the interests of those whose busy lives are devoted to the native industry, he has made numerous friends. In going about he naturally relies for secondary help on the usual kind of convenience adapted to such unfortunate circumstances, but whenever he can Mr. Robinson prefers cycling to walking. As shown in our photo, our popular friend never goes abroad on his wheel without his "crutch." At first he caused no little amount of sensation, this interest being kept up for some little time after he had, so to speak, alienated his affections from his old friend—his crutch — and transferred them to the cycle. It was no fancy idea that induced Mr. Robinson to follow in the tread of fashion; it was absolute liking for the pastime.

The writer is acquainted with three one-legged cyclists, prominent among whom is our old friend, Mr. W. E. Jones, of Malden Road, Kentish Town, and of the Old Camden C.C. Jones, at that period of his life when he courted fame on the racing track, caused the liveliest interest. He holds the 100 mile amateur record, which he claimed on August 30th, 1891, when he rode the distance named in $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours, riding on a $\frac{3}{4}$in. solid Jones also performed what was then con-



These are some other of the College machines, which can be divided from "eights" to "fours." These blind men have been lunching with Sir Stuart Knill, the Lord Mayor, and with him were photographed a few moments prior to their departure for Birmingham.

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sidered the Herculean task of riding 130 miles in 11hrs. 50mins. on the North Road, which, for a one-legged cyclist, was a marvellous performance. His challenge to the world of one-legged cyclists still holds good.

One-legged riders can mount and dismount more easily than their more favoured fellow-creatures, so I am told by Mr. W. E. Jones. This gentleman, for instance, can hop on and off his machine with apparent ease, and at no time requires assistance; but he always carries his crutch with him in case of accident.

The fearless blind riders of the Royal Normal College, at West Norwood, are still often to be seen out on their "Express" a wonderful machine comprising tricycle seats made for twelve. This marvellous example of cycle building is steered by the occupant of the second seat, one who has not been deprived of his sight, while the Principal, Dr. Campbell, takes the last seat—"the worst seat of all," as he expressed it to me when I visited him.

There are other machines in use at the College made to carry four and eight riders, and apart from these the "Express" can be reduced to three "fours." During the mayoralty of Sir Stuart Knill a large party of blind cyclists from the College started from the Mansion House (having lunched with the Lord Mayor) for Birmingham. At the request of his Lordship, just a few minutes prior to the departure, a photograph of host and guests was taken. Until now the picture has never before been reproduced.

Hugh Macdonald, of Leeds, is an amateur, but as expert a trick rider as any professional. He can do all manner of tricks, the one pictured being amongst his simplest.

Hugh Macdonald, of Chapeltown, Leeds, although an amateur, can certainly claim to be nearly as expert as many a two-legged professional who has gained fame on the music-hall stage. His pluck is firm and unbending, like his will, and he enjoys his fun on the machine.

What tricks does he do? Well, while the machine is in full motion, he will lean back in the saddle, throw his hands behind him, swing his only leg over the handle-bar, and maintain that position during his pleasure. Again, he can curl his leg under him while he is in the saddle. He can also mount and dismount rapidly while the machine is in motion, and further, he pleads guilty to other little harmless frivolities of a similar nature.

A "curious" cyclist is Mr. Frank Whinfield, of Newcastle, a man of independent means, but incomplete growth. The upper portion of his body is perfectly formed, but his legs are dwarfed, measuring in length not more than 18in., while his feet are no larger than a girl's of five or six. A low machine has been built for him, and when out for a spin the spectacle he presents is very singular. Yet he is a hard rider, and can climb hills when perfectly-formed men have to wheel their machines up. He took to cycling shortly after the introduction of the pneumatic tyre, on the advice of his medical man; and in a report made by the doctor it was stated that the diseased legs had stretched one and a quarter inches, while the hitherto flabby muscles had become firmer.

At the first blush it seems improbable, but one-armed cyclists are really better situated for riding than one-legged men through the balancing on the machine being better obtained. Yet diligent inquiry reveals the remarkable fact that there are four one-legged cyclists on the road to one one-armed rider.

The curious spectacle of a certain London dwarf riding on a bicycle opens out vast possibilities, and suggests theories bordering on the assumption that it is allowable for nearly all cripples to join in the delights of cycling.

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AN ELEPHANTINE FOOTBALL FINAL.

By W. M. Duckworth, Junr.

Illustrated by Photos taken under the Author's Guidance.

"The Royal Elephant Football Team" is not a temporary monstrosity. It is perennial like the evergreen and invincible like the British Fleet. At present it is touring, and cherishes the hope that it will soon meet a rival team in the field.

Football, as practised by a mammal of some tonnage, naturally becomes a weighty subject. To tackle a half-back weighing four tons is enough to strike terror into the strongest heart. Hence it was a matter of extreme difficulty for Mr. James Sanger, of the illustrious house of "Lord" Geo. Sanger, the captain-in-chief of the aforesaid team, to muster a contingent of humans to meet the huge monsters in the "friendly" it was my pleasure to witness recently in London.

Elephants, as a rule, suffer under the delusion that man is invulnerable, but those who figure in Mr. Sanger's team have been taught to treat the human anatomy with respect, and to play football like reasonable beings.

The teams first paraded for their photograph.

A salient feature about the team is that it weighs sixteen tons and is capable of exerting a pressure of about 500,000 pounds on one man. Consequently in putting your name down as one of the opposing force you devolve upon yourself a serious risk.

The team is limited, for the sake of the opposing humanity, to five elephants—by name, Palm, Ida, Jenny, Rose and Tiny—all healthy specimens from the Burmese frontier. The last-named four are of the softer sex, and their ages, if I may make so bold as to reveal them, range from thirty-five to seventy-five years, which is, you will admit, a little beyond the time when enthusiasts take a revolutionary part in the great game of football.

On the occasion of my visit to the Alhambra Theatre of Varieties, in Leicester Square, where a special performance was permitted to take place for the enlightenment of the photographer, a team of Sandowian clowns—all picked men—under the able captaincy of Mr. Sanger, was elected to take part in the elephantine bombardment. Both teams were grouped together for a preliminary snapshot, to which it was thought reference would have to be made at the close of the game for purposes of identification; but happily the precaution proved unnecessary.

A shrill trumpeting heralded the appearance of the five monsters who laboured in funereal procession out of their dressing room at the rear of the stage, and without the least uproariousness spread their portly persons about the "field." At the sound of the referee's whistle, Palm, the irreproachable, the irresistible, the immovable,

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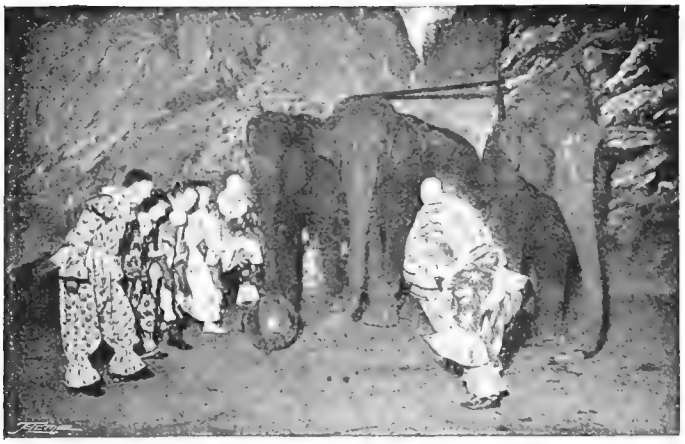

The kick-off took place punctually.

having won the toss, commenced cannonading in his own inimitable style. Note in the photo the left wing preparing to receive a possible pass from the centre forward.

Palm is a marvellous athlete considering he has been knocking about the world for seventy-five years. In company with the rest of the team his yearly peregrinations on foot amount to something like 6000 miles.

Often in a fit of temper the team will become obstreperous, but never dangerous. Ida or Tiny will chase an opponent with the ball, for the unholy fun of the thing, till the poor man drops from sheer exhaustion. In a particularly playful mood Ida will quietly duck her massive head and, momentarily poising the flabbergasted player on her trunk, will launch him gently out of the "field." The third photograph depicts Ida in this her favourite charge.

Before the team became fully qualified under the Association rules each member had to undergo a severe course of training. For four weary months he received daily instruction in the elementary movements of the game. He was placed in a corner — a very large corner under the circumstances—and a number of keepers were told off to flourish the ball about before his very eyes. The elephants were then taught how to kick straight, pass, cover their opponents, and to charge like decent footballers. Tiny had special lessons in goal-keeping, and the weird gyrating and gesticulating performances that take place at every match testify to the fact that Mr. Sanger has not laboured in vain. Extra feeding was essential at every practice by way of encouragement. As to food, the consumption at a military barracks on Christmas Day would compare favourably with the appetites of these mammals. Half-a-ton of food a day is a mere snatch. The five of them can obliterate a haystack in a week. An after-meal refresher for one elephant is generally fifteen large stable buckets; a particularly dry throat would mean twenty-five to thirty buckets.

Periodical changes of diet were given in the early stages of training, and all superfluous flesh sweated out by vigorous exercise. Since the team played its first match ten months ago the diet has been limited to hay, corn, bran, bread-crusts and water, with whisky—alas! their favourite tonic—occasionally mixed. But the team believe in the glorious doctrine of consuming all that they can lay trunk on.

Moreover, their digestive organs do not suffer from the incursions of foreign bodies, such as bricks, umbrellas, pieces of chairs, tables, and what not.

Before now Ida and Tiny have swallowed the boots belonging to some of the opposing team, and left them to walk home in their socks. Once a whole change of new clothes,

The "humans" were awarded a free kick for a charge by Ida.

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including a valuable watch, found their way down Tiny's throat, leaving the late proprietor thereof to seek privacy in a barrel; and a ravenous appetite has led them to undo one another's ankle chains and steal out from the stable in search of food, carrying the iron links in their trunks so as not to make a noise.

A fine shot resulted in a goal, which, however, was disallowed by reason of the goal-keeper being deliberately charged.

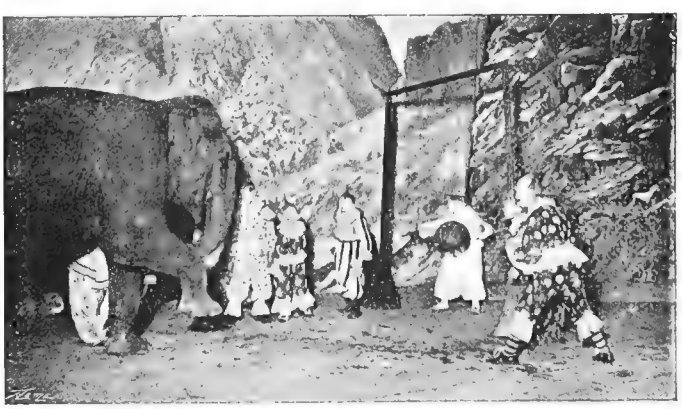
One of the many admirable traits in the elephantine character is the cast-iron dislike of being "sat on," to use an expressive colloquialism. For instance, if Palm or Rose or one of their mates cannot extract a loaf from the bread pan, he or she will, rather than submit to the humiliation of the thing, swallow the whole concern and trust to Providence to spare him or her from a well-earned attack of nightmare.

But this is wandering from the subject. Let us imagine the game is in full swing. The penalty kick as practised by Palm dissolves itself into nothing else but a wilful attempt to murder the goal-keeper. Particularly was this the case in the match I was privileged to view. Soon after Ida had fouled an opponent by caressing him a little too fondly with her trunk, it was alleged (I say this "advisedly") that the clown on the left wing tried to trip the 4-ton half back within five paces of the goal. This, of course, involved a penalty kick, which was duly entrusted to Palm. The 4-ton half back hesitated for a moment, like a man about to run amök, and then, putting as much of his weight behind the ball as possible, scored the first goal of the match, in the way you will observe in the photo. I might mention that never before had the goal-keeper been struck with such a brilliant display of stars as dazzled him on that occasion, and it was some time before he could recall his encounter with them.

The professional eye would note that charging is Palm's strong point. Yet he doesn't try to obliterate you. He has a Gatling gun-like way of repelling your attack without moving his position; a slight wriggle of his monstrous body as if it were charged with a sudden current of electricity, and his man is down like a ninepin.

The veriest tyro would see at once that it would require the most expert dribbler to pass Palm, or, in fact, any of his colleagues, despite the stringent rule of "hands" which prohibits the use of the trunk.

Also, as he can imagine, it is an impossibility to get a goal while Tiny's extensive anatomy spans the mouth. A tactful player may endeavour, therefore, to coax the custodian out into the open, and woe betide him if he does! The goal-keeper will probably enter into the full spirit of the thing and direct a sweeping attack on him, with her trunk lifting



From a splendid run down Palm put in a hot shot.

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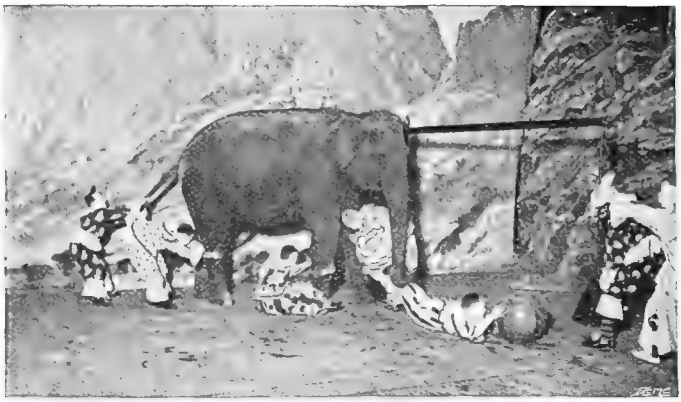
ball and opponent back over the cross-bar.

There is reason to believe that the elephants regard the referee as the same idiosyncratic conglomeration of evils as do many other footballers.

Palm remonstrates with an erring "knight of the whistle" in a striking manner. He lays his victim out on the ground by a dexterous twist of the trunk, and threatens him with uplifted foot, the pressure from which would pulverize him like a Nasmyth hammer.



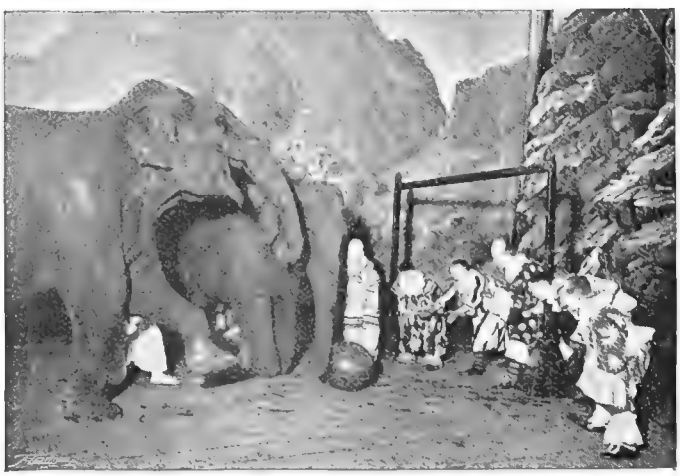
Tiny fouled by tripping.

A warm shot was finely cleared by Ida.

However, these noble animals, inseparable to the death like Dumas' Musketeers, are nothing if not versatile. They are ever ready to take on Rugby, but be it "Rugger" or "Soccer," there is an unwritten law that each man shall pay his own funeral expenses if necessary. It is only natural that they should feel more at home with the rougher game. To see, as I have seen, a "scrum" between 16 tons of elephants all on bended knee, and a struggling panting mass of perspiring humans, is something to remember; but to be one of the men themselves in that stupendous jam, particularly at an "exciting moment," is something never to be forgotten.

With all due respect to Rugby footballers, however, Mr. Sanger is inclined to deprecate the game, as it tends to brutalise his elephants, especially old Palm. One practice day Palm was nigh losing his temper, when he literally wiped the stable floor with his keeper. Palm fortunately did no harm.

The only time the



The monsters nearly scored off a free kick in front of goal.

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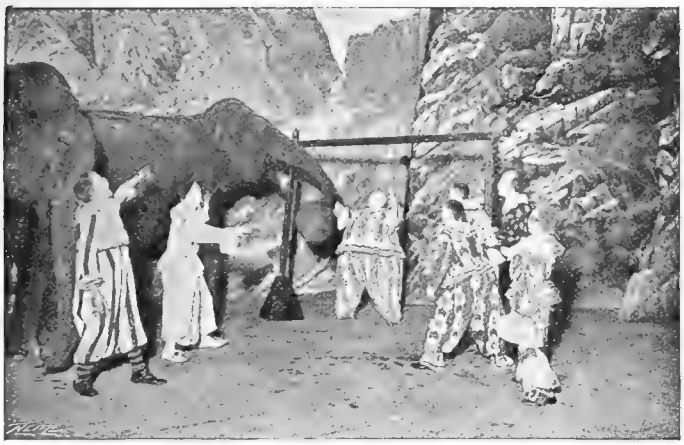

Jenny put in another warm effort on the stroke of time.

tusker—they call male elephants "tuskers"—ever became dangerous was when a milk cart drove over his corn at Greenock. With that keen sense of resentment so characteristic of his race, he ran after the culprit, and, picking up the driver, the cart, and the horse with his trunk, threw them bodily over a hedge! This happened while he was in training for a Rugby match.

Palm is unanimously looked upon as the champion kicker of the Rugby team. To him, therefore, is appointed the office of kicking the goal after a try has been scored.

Obviously, in the Rugby match the opposing team is heavily handicapped as regards the "holding" of the elephant. It is as much as the whole human team in one solid combination can do even to catch hold of the ball while Palm is scouring the field with it in his upturned trunk. Ida's favourite delight is to tantalise her opponents by flourishing it under their very noses. It takes a remarkably bold and clever player to get the ball away from her.

The teams have a highly ingenious method of retiring from the field when the whistle blows for "time." Just to show that no ill-feeling has come between man and beast, the humans ascend to the somewhat barren plain of Palm's back, while the wounded or those incapacitated by loss of wind and so forth are carried off in a sort of ambulance which the elephants make with their trunks.

At the close of the match the ever-victorious five (I say "ever-victorious" because they haven't suffered defeat yet, and they have played over fifty matches) are received in the dressing room by a small army of keepers, by whom they are washed and brushed up before going home. As each one is "dressed" he is put aside to cool, for he has grown extremely hot and clammy during the game.

As a matter of hard fact, Mr. Sanger told me seriously that when he feels chilly he stands with his back to Palm, just as though he were a blazing fire! That being the case, it might occur to the frivolous mind that it would be an excellent thing to grow an elephant in one's cellar, as a sort of heating apparatus for the entire house!

Not the least noticeable feature of this interesting football is the unqualified enjoyment of the monsters. They enter heart and soul into their game.

It is marvellous how rapidly they pick up the various niceties. The most expert professional is a baby compared with Palm when it comes to a neat trip. You can dodge most men, but you can't dodge that trunk. It just catches you when you think you are well past, and down you go. Of course, Palm looks sublimely innocent, and one can almost fancy a look of sorrowful surprise on his countenance when the whistle allows the human's frantic appeal for a free kick.

The teams departed amicably, Tiny carrying off the badly wounded.

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"Shootin'"

By Huan Mee.

"That's a good shot."

"Ordin'ry, simply ordin'ry."

"Oh! Five to one you can't do it again."

"Take you in tenners."

Saunders dropped a few cartridges into the chambers of his revolver, and the target was rigged up again. We were on the *Mexican*, homeward bound from the Cape, and had been killing a morning, bottle-shooting. With two shots he had cut the cord as it swung from a spar above, and smashed the bottle before it had reached the water.

"Simply ordin'ry," he muttered once more, as he raised his revolver. Ping! the cord was severed; ping! the bottle shattered before it touched the waves, and a round of applause went up, as with a deprecatory shrug, he drawled again, "Simply ordin'ry," and returning the pistol to his pocket took the notes.

"Well, my luck's in after all," young Rainsford said with a half grin, "I'd have given fifty to one instead of five. It looked impossible."

"Thank your lucky stars you didn't, drawled Saunders. "Ah, my boy, you're young. You'll get wiser as you grow balder. Never bet a thing's impossible just because you can't do it yourself."

His hand wandered in the direction of his hip pocket. "Now, I guess we'll reverse the odds," he suggested with a twinkle in his eye, "five to one that I do it three times runnin'."

But there were no takers, and by tacit consent we gravitated towards the smoking room.

"Give it a name, boys," cried Saunders, "but no, don't trouble, this means fizz. Let's have half a dozen extra sec, Steward."

"Here's luck, youngster. Be a bit more thoughtful next time, and you'll save your money. I've seen people put their coin on somethin' that seemed just as impossible to them as my ordin'ry shootin' did to you, and they got left too. Here's luck!"

"Luck it is old chap. It was a square bet, and a square bit of shooting."

"Well, talkin' of bets, and talkin' of shootin' and thinkin' of champagne, puts me in mind of a fellow I knew years ago up Kimberley way. Now he *could* shoot. Doesn't matter about his name. I expect he's forgotten it himself by now, and only goes by a number, poor devil. Luck went agin him all over a little bet, a little fizz, and a bit of shootin'. Call him Jackson.

"Now, that man," continued Saunders, after a pause, "*could* shoot. He'd shoot the buttons off your togs, and you wouldn't know it till you moved. And there was another chap, about Rainsford's age, he was smart with a gun. I reckon he'd 'a shot 'em all on again. Those two boys between 'em could have put in enough fancy shootin' to have run a travellin' show. But they were against one another, and Jackson got snookered.

"Ha! he was a terror; he was the hottest specimen you ever met at poker, and the smartest passer of diamonds as Kimberley ever saw. Kimberley knew all about Jackson; and well, Jackson knew all about Kimberley. The rough diamonds he bought from the thieves, and passed over the border in one year were simply stupendous; and all the 'tecs were helpless. Many's the time they thought they got him with his pockets full, but they hadn't.

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"And he was so virtuously indignant, too. He'd keep 'em loafin' after him for days, and then, with his tongue in his cheek, put up with their searchin' just for the sake of the fun of it. 'Look here,' he'd say, 'you lot make me tired. It's a bit too thick. I'm a peaceable, law-abidin' citizen. Mend my own socks, and whistle "God save the Queen" every mornin' before breakfast, and I'm darned if you don't hold me up every time I go out to buy a little terbaccer. What do you think I've got on me? Diamonds? All right, search me!'

"Well, of course, they had searched him, they were not dainty in their manners in those days. They knew they'd collared him at the wrong time again, and swore that the next it would be all right. Then he'd jaw a bit about the rights of citizens, and stroll away and call for a bottle of champagne.

"And he could absorb slightly too. I don't know to this day whether he drank to keep up his shootin', or shot to keep up his drinkin'. He'd empty the bottles first, and smash 'em afterwards at forty yards, from behind his left ear, or some such other fancy game. He'd got a sort of right on every empty bottle for miles round, and no one disputed it, in case he gave up shootin' bottles. 'Send 'em up to my crib,' he'd say, after a night of it, and next mornin' he was practisin' on 'em as if he never knew what drink was, and always turned in at nine.

"Now, Jackson, had been goin' it too hot for anythin', and the bounders up at the mines were gettin' just a trifle uppish. The 'tecs stuck to him night and day, but they couldn't find how the diamonds were passed to him, or how on earth he got rid of 'em afterwards. When they wasn't ransackin' his crib, they was holdin' him up, and all with the same results—absolutely nil.

"'And what's the price of diamonds to-day?' he'd say in his most affable voice, 'and what's the leakage this month, and how many boys have you sacked this week on suspicion?' Of course you couldn't do it now, but things was a bit different then, and all the time they was kickin', and he was gettin' more jaunty than ever.

"Now, Jackson's place was a good way out of Kimberley, and a deuce of a lonely place too. About a dozen doubtful cribs like his own, and one tumbledown shanty of a bar, where they'd raise Cain every night, and up till the small hours over poker and champagne.

"Well, one afternoon a youngster turns up at Kimberley, and strolls into the bar of the Kopje Hotel. A smart little chap he was, too, sharp as needles, and as cool as a sherry cobbler. A natty little bounder, with straw-coloured moustaches, a pink and white complexion, and dressed as if he'd walked out of a bandbox or somethin' of that sort. He was the celebrated 'tec the Kimberley lot had brought from Cape Town, the other shootin' chap I told you about. He walks up to the bar, twirlin' his moustache, and listenin' to the conversation.

"'That infernal scoundrel Jackson's been at it again,' one of the Kimberley 'tecs says, 'another pile's gone through.'

"'Got a new chap comin' to help you, eh?' ejaculated a lounger.

"'Yes, and he'll have to be mighty smart to catch Jackson with the stones on him. I've

'And what's the price of diamonds to-day?' he'd say in his most affable voice.

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tracked him night an' day, an' I've never done it.'

"'You'll excuse me,' said the Youngster, with just the suspicion of a smile, 'I'm the chap who's got to be mighty smart. What'll you have?'

"Well, they stared for a minute, but he reassured them, and they filled up again at his invitation.

"'Feather in your cap the day you get over Jackson,' says one.

"'Think so?' he answers with a laugh. 'Oh, you don't know me yet.'

"He glanced round the room. 'All friends, I suppose' says he; 'sort of meetin' for the extermination of Jackson, eh? All right; now, I'll bet that I bring Jackson into this bar with a pocket full of stolen diamonds on him.'

"'Don't brag, young 'un.'

"'I never do,' he says, lightin' a cigarette, and smilin' sort of kindly on 'em.

"'Sounds like it,' says a man who'd been simply phenomenal in his failures.

"'Nonsense; five to one that we walk in together one night, and he's full up with rough stones.'

"'Take you in fivers.'

"'Done,' says he.

"'And I.'

"'Done.'

"Out comes his book, and he writes like lightnin'.

"'Tenners?'

"'Right.'

"And he entered 'em all up as if he'd been a bookmaker's clerk all his life, then with a twist of the moustache and a jaunty nod strolls out of the bar, hires a hoss, and dashes down to the shanty near by Jackson's.

"Course old Jackson knew they'd got a new chap on him, and directly a strange face turns up in the shanty, he eyes him up an' down, and drinks half a bottle to hide his emotion.

"'Have a drink, young 'un?' says he.

"'Don't mind if I do,' says the juvenile, still a-twiddlin' his yellow moustache.

"'Right you are, then. Here's luck. Hope you'll catch your man.'

"'Eh?'

"'Jackson.'

"'Oh! you know him?'

"'Know him? Rather! Eh, Sam?' And he winks at the bar tender. 'Know him, eh? Don't I?'

"'I've heard he can shoot,' says the youngster.

"'Middlin',' says Jackson. 'Shoot yourself?'

"'Middlin',' says the youngster quietly.

"'All right,' says Jackson, taking a greasy card from the table. 'Got pluck enough to hold that, while I knock the five diamonds into nowhere?'

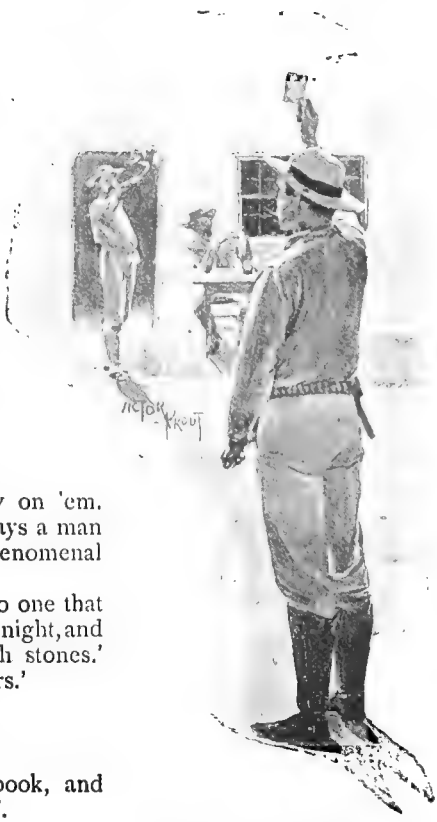
"'Don't mind,' says his nibs with a laugh, and he holds it above his head.

"'Don't move, or I shall hit your little finger.'

"'If you do, Jackson,' says the young 'un, 'I'll knock the tip of your left ear off before you get time to wink. Better come in the open.'

"Jackson did a grin. Of course he knew he was spotted, but they walks out, and Young Strawwhiskers holds up the card while Jackson walks twenty paces.

"Ping—ping—ping—ping—ping!



Ping—ping—ping—ping—ping!

"'Look at it,' says Jackson.

"'Very poor.'

"'What's the matter?'

"'Only snicked the last diamond,' says the Young'un. 'You'd better buy a drain pipe and shoot down that.'

"'P'raps you can do it better?'

"'P'raps I can,' says he. 'Hold up a card,' and he knocks five hearts off, clean as a whistle.

"'That's nothin',' he says, as Jackson opens his eyes, 'I'll show you a bit of

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shootin' one of these days. Let's go back and have a drink,' and back they went and had another, and another, and Jackson asks the Young'un if he's as smart at cards as at shootin'.

"'Raise you till you get suspicious of your own royal straight-flush,' says he.

"'You're too smart to live,' growls Jackson, 'some chap'll—but stop, can you do this?'

"He takes up the rest of the cards, with the ten of diamonds on top, flick, it's gone, and there's the ace of spades.

"'Diamonds gone,' he chuckles, 'where shall we look for them?'

"'In Jackson's pocket,' says the Young'un.

"'But you won't find 'em,' grins Jackson, smitten with the subtlety of the retort.

"'Well, then, up his left sleeve. Come on, pull it down. I used to do that trick to amuse the Band of Hope. Somethin' warranted not to over excite youthful brains. Have another drink?'

"Well, they had another drink, and Jackson said he'd be eternally delighted to see him shoot better than he could, and he also hoped that he'd catch him with stolen diamonds on him; and the Young'un says that he reckoned before Jackson was much older he'd satisfy him on both points.

"'Twenty to one in tenners you don't do one,' says Jackson, 'fifty to one against the double event.'

"'Thanks,' says the Young'un, 'I never bet,' and he strolls away without even winkin'!

"Well, a week runs along, and my lord keeps a smart eye on Jackson, and discovers nothin', because as a matter of fact, Jackson had been keepin' a smart eye on him, and hadn't done anythin'.

"One afternoon he was sittin' in the bar of the Kopjes, a-twiddlin' his moustache as usual, and the regular Kimberley 'tecs who were still a bit raw about his comin' there at all, started a chippin' him.

"'Why ain't you watchin' your friend Jackson?' says one.

"'Watchin' Jackson,' says he, 'well what's the good? He's playin' billiards two doors off, and his game's too wicked to interest anyone.'

"Well, that was one up agin the chap who spoke, because, the Young'un had given him sixty in a hundred the night before, and got out with two visits to the table, so they all laughed, and while they were laughin', one of 'em walks across to the Youngster, and whispers in his ear. Mind you he was a chap who'd failed time out'er mind to catch Jackson himself.

"'True bill?' says the Young'un, wakin' up.

"'Yes,' he says 'they must be passed to Jackson to-night, for the thieves daren't hold 'em.'

"'Why do you put me on it?"

"'Well, I dunno, only because I think you're a bit bouncy, but no fool. Go in, my lad, and win."

"'Thanks,' says the Young'un, 'I will,' and up he get, starts off, shadows Jackson down to his crib, out of there into the bar, watches him all night long, and at two in the mornin' goes after him as he thinks back home. But bless you Jackson knew he was after him, and a pretty chase he led him. All over rough country, a matter of a dozen miles, Young'un thinkin' all the time he was hot on the scent, and then back to Jackson's own place.

"'Goodnight,' Jackson yells, with a burst of laughter, as he goes into his crib, 'hope you've enjoyed your walk!'

"'Yes, thanks,' says the Young 'un, just a trifle pipped, you know, to think he'd been so neatly sold, and in turns Jackson, while the juvenile keeps watch outside all night, and then all the next day, and all night agin, till he's about dead to the world, and yet gets hold of nothin'. Of course he knew, just as much as anyone else did, that whoever could buy stones on the cheap from Kimberley boys only need hand them on the quiet to Jackson, ask no questions, and they'd get a decent price next time they met him—for, mind you, he was the honestest thieving scoundrel who ever walked. And, of course, the Kimberley lot knew this too, and realised if they could only collar Jackson they'd practically kill the market for stolen stones.

"Well, the Young 'un foxes him up to Kimberley, and then, dead beat, hands him over to one of his subs for an hour, just to keep his eye on him, and goes into the Kopje.

"'Where's Jackson,' says one. 'Thought you were comin' in together.'

"'Oh! he's all right,' he answers, blinkin' with fatigue. 'Haven't got him yet, but he hasn't passed anythin'.'

"Hasn't he? Well, I heard him boast five minutes ago that he'd put 'em through right under the nose of young Mister Know-everything, and I thought he meant you.'

"The youngster was about to cut in, but the man who'd given him the hint before touched him on the shoulder.

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With that he swaggers out.

"'Dry up,' he said; 'it's no good losin' your temper. Jackson's done you as he's done the rest of us. I've just left the offices, and they're talkin' of askin' you to go back to Cape Town.'

"'Are they?' he says, with a tightenin' of the lips.

"'Now then, don't get savage. We're all in the same boat. Have a drink?'

"Well, they started a bottle between them, the Young 'un looking about as happy as a corpse at a cheap funeral, and rollin' the gold foil into pellets between his fingers for the sake of somethin' better to do, and then, as he stretches out his hand to the bottle, he stops, gives a chuckle, shoves his hands into his trousers pockets, sits back, and laughs.

"'What's the matter?' says the other fellow.

"'I'll double all my bets,' he answers.

"'Take my advice, a little less brag and a little more work would suit you better.'

"'You know the bet,' he says, turnin' to the others; 'now then, I've failed up to now, but I double the lot. Within a month I'll walk in here with Jackson, diamonds and all. Do any of you take it?'

"'Well,' says one, 'if you must sling your money about, I may as well have a bit. I'll take it.'

"'And I,' says another.

"So with a quiet laugh, he doubles all his bets, and puts his book away, with the remark that, if they didn't have to pay before, he'd be there to settle on that night month, at twelve o'clock.

"With that, he swaggers out, and nothin' was seen of him for weeks. Only rumours came around that he was simply livin' down by Jackson's place, and becomin' a fair out and out bounder, who seemed to make a point of drinkin' Jackson dead, every night.

"Of course the others only laughed, because, they'd tried the friendly game with Jackson before, and knew it meant nothin', and so they waited for him to turn up, and pay his bets, and then get out of it. They all came down in force on the right night, and waited for twelve o'clock.

"That was a Saturday, and from what I've heard, a particularly lively time at Jackson's bar. He and the Youngster had been lowerin' champagne all the evenin', with some particular pals of Jackson's, and durin' the fun the Young'un saw the very thing he had been waitin' weeks for. The diamonds were passed and concealed.

"The other men cleared off, and he and Jackson were left alone, barrin' the villainous owner of the shanty itself, who mind you, would ha' drilled holes in anyone upon demand.

"By and bye the Youngster turns the conversation into shootin'—tells fairy tales, and Jackson, as a man who knows a bit what he's talkin' about, calls him a liar, and advises him to get sober first and shoot after.

"'Mighty fine shooter you think yourself, don't you, Jackson?' says he, getting his revolver out and flourishin' it around. 'Now, I'm drunk, I know, but I'd shoot better 'un you would sober. See here,' he unsteadily swaggered to the end of the bar, and faced a small dingy blackened mirror. 'Stand clear, and I'll smash those five empty champagne bottles over my shoulder, or stand five more full.'

"'Hold hard,' says Jackson, 'hold hard, we don't want any manslaughter. You can't stand straight, let alone shoot. Come outside, the moon's up, and we'll have our shootin' match there.'

"'All ri',' says the Youngster, with a grin. 'Any wher', shoot yer head off,' and they take the five champagne bottles outside, where under the full moon, it's as bright as day.

"'Stick a bottle on that post,' says the Young'un, pointin' to the stump of a tree, and he lurches up, and after a few unsuccessful attempts, balances a card upon the neck and a cork upon the card.

"'Shee yer knock 'er cork off, and not move card, as you think you're a shooter.'

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"Jackson took steady aim and fired, but struck a fraction low, sent the card and cork spinning and shattered the neck of the bottle.

"'Silly shot,' says the Young'un, 'S'prised at you, Jackson, thought you could shoot. Thought Jackson could shoot, but he can't; silly shot, smashed the bottle.'

"'Do it yourself,' says Jackson, and he sets up another bottle.

"'I could shoot the leg of a fly off, astandin' on the cork,' he boasts, with a stupid grin, and taking the same distance, sends the cork a'flyin'!

"'Good shot, considerin' you're as drunk as an owl,' says Jackson, only there's a lot of spite in his voice, as he counted he could shoot a bit himself. 'Luck,' he continues, jeeringly, 'that's what it is, luck.'

"'Luck be hanged!' replies the Youngster, swaggerin' round, "I told you I could shoot better drunk than you could sober; and with that he does another bit er fancy shootin', an' another, an' another, fairly knockin' chips off Jackson, 'cause he can't get miles near him, and his dander gets uppier and uppier every minute.

"'Where's tuther bottle?' says Young-strawwhiskers, when they'd smashed four out er the five.

"'Ain't no other bottle — smashed 'em all,' answers Jackson.

"'Saw five on table, smashed four, saw five on table, saw—'

"'Shouldn't be surprised if you saw fifty in your state—'

"'Saw five on table—'

"'Oh, shut up, now look here, I've only been foolin' about, I'll show you a bit of shootin'.'

"'Don't want to see no shootin',' mutters the Young'un, half asleep on a tree stump. 'Wanter go home. Goter bed. Used to shoot fire-flies once, Wanter go home an' lie down, and practise at 'em in bedroom. Swear saw five bottles.'

"'Oh, cuss the bottles,' Jackson shouts. 'We're discussin' shootin'. Got pluck enough to hold a cigar in your mouth, and let me knock off the ash?'

"'Any fool 'ud do it! Brightash day!'

"'I don't mean here, you silly ass. Way down in the hollow there. Where I can only see the spark. Got enough pluck?'

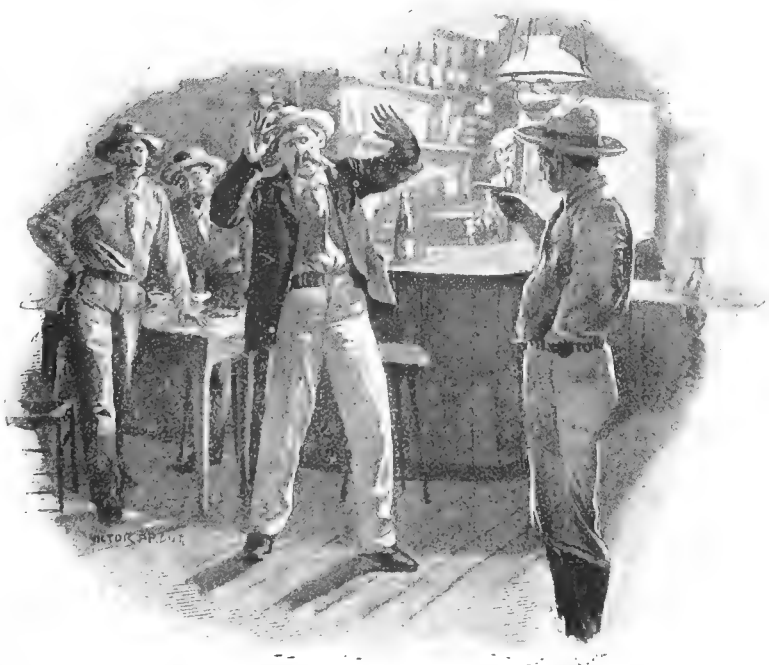
"'Well, you've been missin' such easy shots.'

"I shan't miss this one. Come on,' says Jackson, and off they start together, but the Young'un's got an obstinate drunk on, and quarrels at every spot the other man suggests, this one's too light and that one he's been practisin' in, and he walks him about an hour till he's satisfied.

"'Now then,' says Jackson at last, 'puff that cigar up, stand straight, and I'll knock it out of yer mouth at thirty paces. And lean your head up agin that rock, I don't want people to say I lured you down here to shoot you.'

"'All ri',' says the Youngster, 'all ri' old fellow, don't 'cite yourself,' but he stands pretty stiff, all the same.

"Then there's a sharp ping, and up go a shower of sparks.



'Up with your hands,' says he, 'the game's up.'

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"Good shot,' says my lord, 'good shot, Jackson.'

"'Think you could do it?'

"'Couldn't do it to-night, too drunk.'

"'Think you could when you're sober?'

"'Yes, backwards. Gimme bottle soda water, and I'll do it now.'

"'Yah! think I'm er travellin' mineral water factory? Try it, young cockey, I'll take the risk. Try it, or own you can't shoot for nuts.'

"'Gimme soda water, I'll do it. Feel rotten, ni' air upset me. Soda water, and I'm all ri'.'

"He steadied himself against Jackson, and looked him gravely in the face.

"'See here, my frien', you're taking mean advantage. Know I'm ill, and won't give me chance. Walk back to shanty, and I'll get soda water, and come back and shoot with m'eyes shut.'

"'I'm not goin' to walk four miles there an' back,' says Jackson, 'come to the hotel and get your soda, and then I'll shoot you for a tenner.'

"'Ri' you are,' says the Young'un, and maudlin' about the 'ni' air,' and ''strordinary effects on shootin',' he takes Jackson's arm and rolls along the road into the Kopje's.

"Poor Jackson, he scents danger the moment he sees the 'tecs, but Yellow-whiskers is too sharp, and directly they cross the threshold up goes his gun, and Jackson is blinkin' at the muzzle. There weren't much drunk about him then.

"'Throw up yer hands,' says he. 'The game's up. Jem, take that champagne bottle out of his pocket, it's full of rough diamonds.'

"There was a bit of a tussle, but, Lord, it weren't no good, Jackson was done. 'I wish,' said he, 'that shot er mine had been a bit to the left.'

"'Maybe you do,' says his Nibs quietly a-twirlin' his moustache agin, 'but it's too late to alter sights.' An' then he turns to the others, and, in a nasty little sarcastic voice, exclaims: 'Well, gentlemen, if it's all the same to you I reckon I'll gather in them bets.'"

A WRECK IN THE SUEZ CANAL.

HERE is one of the most remarkable photographs of a wreck ever taken. The unfortunate vessel, which is slowly settling down, was passing through the Suez Canal when it was run into by a German mail boat, and so badly damaged that the water commenced to pour in in tremendous quantities. The accident took place in the Great Bitter Lake, and directly after the collision it became evident that the damaged vessel was sinking. The crew, however, managed to run the ship to one side before she finally settled down, and thus saved the passage of the Canal from becoming temporarily blocked, a serious thing for navigation.

Snapshot by H. Hillman.

A catastrophe in the Suez Canal.

Our photograph was taken in the early hours of the morning by a passenger on another vessel, passing through the lake at the time.

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OUR STEREOSCOPIC GALLERY.

Mischief Brewing.

A Pineapple Plantation, Florida, U.S.A.

A Gentleman of Egypt.

To be cut out and looked at through a stereoscope. See "Art of the Camera."

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As Good as Gold.

An Alligator Pond.

A Club Run.

To be cut out and looked at through a stereoscope.

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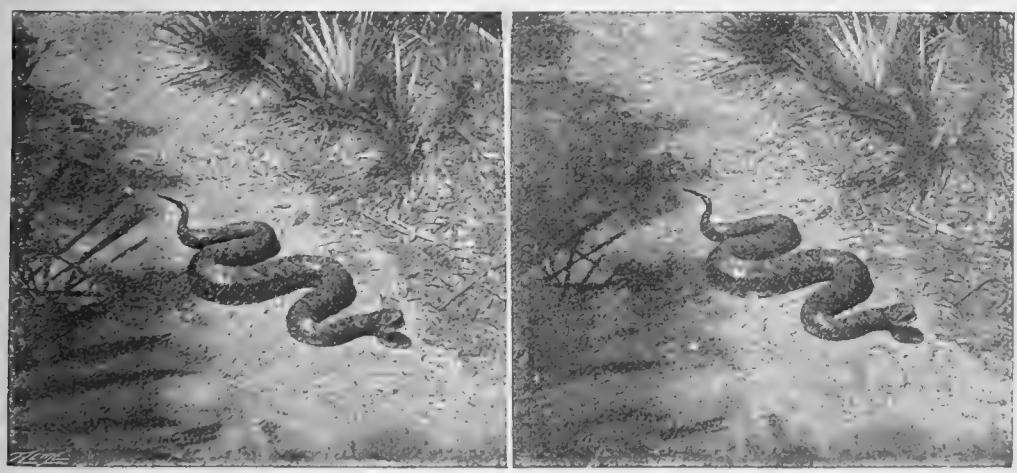
Lillies.



A Diamond Rattlesnake.

A Highland Fling.

To be cut out and looked at through a stereoscope.

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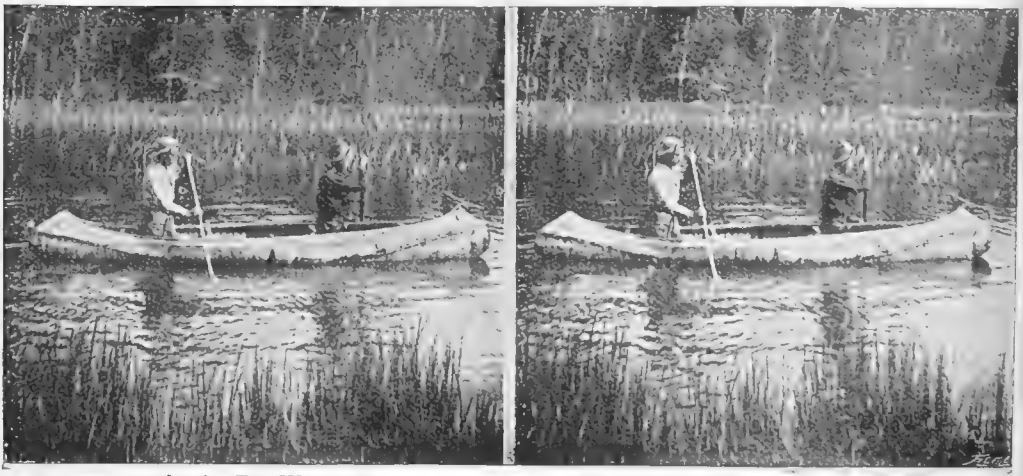
Three Little Swedes are We.

An Accomplished Quartet.



In the Far West.

To be cut out and looked at through a stereoscope

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THE TRAIL OF WHITE BONES.

Bleached bones for hundreds of miles—bones of men, women, children, and animals. You can see them still, and a sad sight they are. It was the old Sante Fe trail, from the United States to California, just after the discovery of gold there fifty years ago. Men fairly stampeded for the diggings from all parts of the world. By ship around Cape Horn they went, and by land over the great American continent. White, canvas-covered waggons crawled like wounded birds across vast spaces of alkali desert; treeless, waterless, on fire with the sun by day and chill with dews and damps by night. They climbed mountains and forded streams in the long, interminable journey; they were slain by the savages who roamed those desert lands; they perished from hunger and thirst; they died of fevers and of stings of poisonous snakes; they quarrelled among themselves and killed one another; but they died, *died*, DIED. By scores, by hundreds and by thousands they died, and their bones made a white streak in the direction of the sunset and the land of gold.

Not all died; oh, no. An immense army arrived at their destination; but the sickly, the feeble, the poorly-provided—*these* perished by the way, often when within sight of the country where they fancied that nuggets of the yellow metal were thick as acorns under a big oak in autumn.

This is the point I want to bring out:—These people made a gallant push for fortune (Oh! the pathos of the story which cannot be told here!) and failed for want of endurance and strength. And it is *such as they* that put the noble element into the tale of human living.

"*I struggled on as best I could*," says a woman. She was not seeking gold or diamonds; she was merely trying to do her every-day duty—a task without a spice of inspiration or romance in it. She was trying to do this in the face of illness and pain; putting up a plucky battle with the odds dead against her. Deserts of distress and mountains of difficulty lay ahead; days whose sunshine was a mockery and nights whose darkness had no quiet—held out no goblet of soothing nepenthe. There was work to be done, a family to be looked after; yet this woman (like millions of her brave sex) could only do her uttermost. "I struggled on," she modestly puts it, "as best I could."

So did the gold-seekers; and with them, as with the greater caravan that "moves to the pale realms of shade," many die before they ought.

"In the spring of 1896," runs this simple narration, "I began to feel weak and ailing. No matter how light the meals I ate—always without desire or relish—pain at the stomach, chest and sides was sure to be the penalty. At length my whole body grew to be so nervous and sensitive that I could hardly bear the touch of my *loosened* clothing.

"I was constantly retching and straining, until—strangely enough—my throat and eyes became swollen and inflamed. The dreadful nausea sometimes persisted for hours together. With all this, and with an aching pain in the region of the heart, I got but little sleep at night. Then weakness increased upon me till I could hardly drag one foot after the other. From time to time I had to give up and go to bed; yet *I struggled on as best I could*.

"A long, weary year I had of this; taking every medicine I heard of in hope of relief; but to no purpose until a friend chanced to call and told me how she had been cured of a like complaint by Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle, and after a few days' use of it found great relief. I was able to eat nourishing food, which my stomach seemed to welcome and digest.

"This was hopeful indeed. With *real* confidence now, I continued taking the Syrup and gained strength from day to day and week to week. Then the pain at the heart left me, the nervousness got less and less, I could sleep all the night through, and was soon strong and well as I was before the fearful indigestion attacked me.

"Since that horrible time there has been no recurrence of the disease; and if I ever feel out of sorts a few doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup never fails to set me right. I can do my work easily now, and shall never cease to praise the remedy that brought about the wonderful change."—(Signed) (Mrs.) JANE SHADDOCK, 27, Queen Street, Torquay, March 21, 1899.

Thus the struggle was over; not in defeat but in victory. Are there no more feeble ones to whom this little story will be good news? Aye, multitudes—all over the world. And for them it is written. May their tired eyes see it here in print.

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THE BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL—*Article on "Drugged Foods," June 4, 1898, says:—*

"There is a general consensus of opinion that the addition of active drugs, belonging to the class of nervine stimulants, to beverages and articles of dietary in ordinary domestic use is not for the benefit of the community, and is likely in time to produce a deterioration of the public health. . . . At the present moment we are beset by another danger arising from the addition of Kola to certain articles of food. . . . Kola has been found on analysis to contain 2·13 per cent. of Caffeine. Caffeine is undoubtedly a useful drug when employed in suitable cases and in appropriate doses, but if taken habitually in large quantities it is capable of inducing an undesirable condition of over-stimulation of the nerve centres."

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